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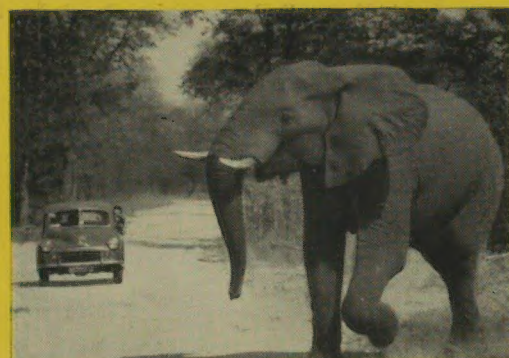


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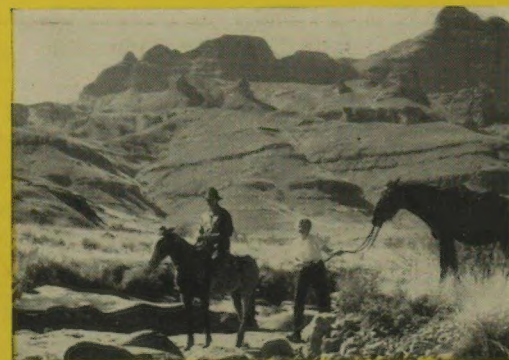
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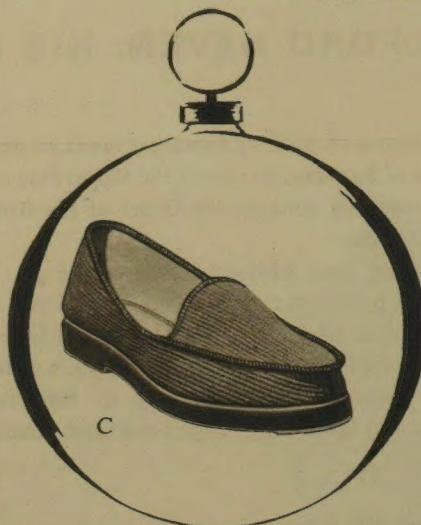
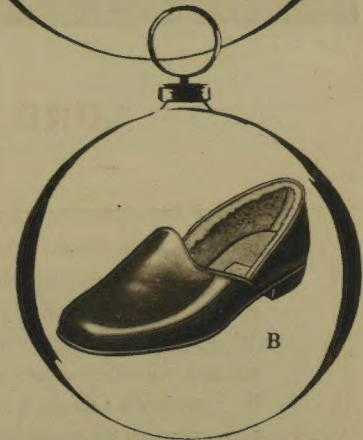
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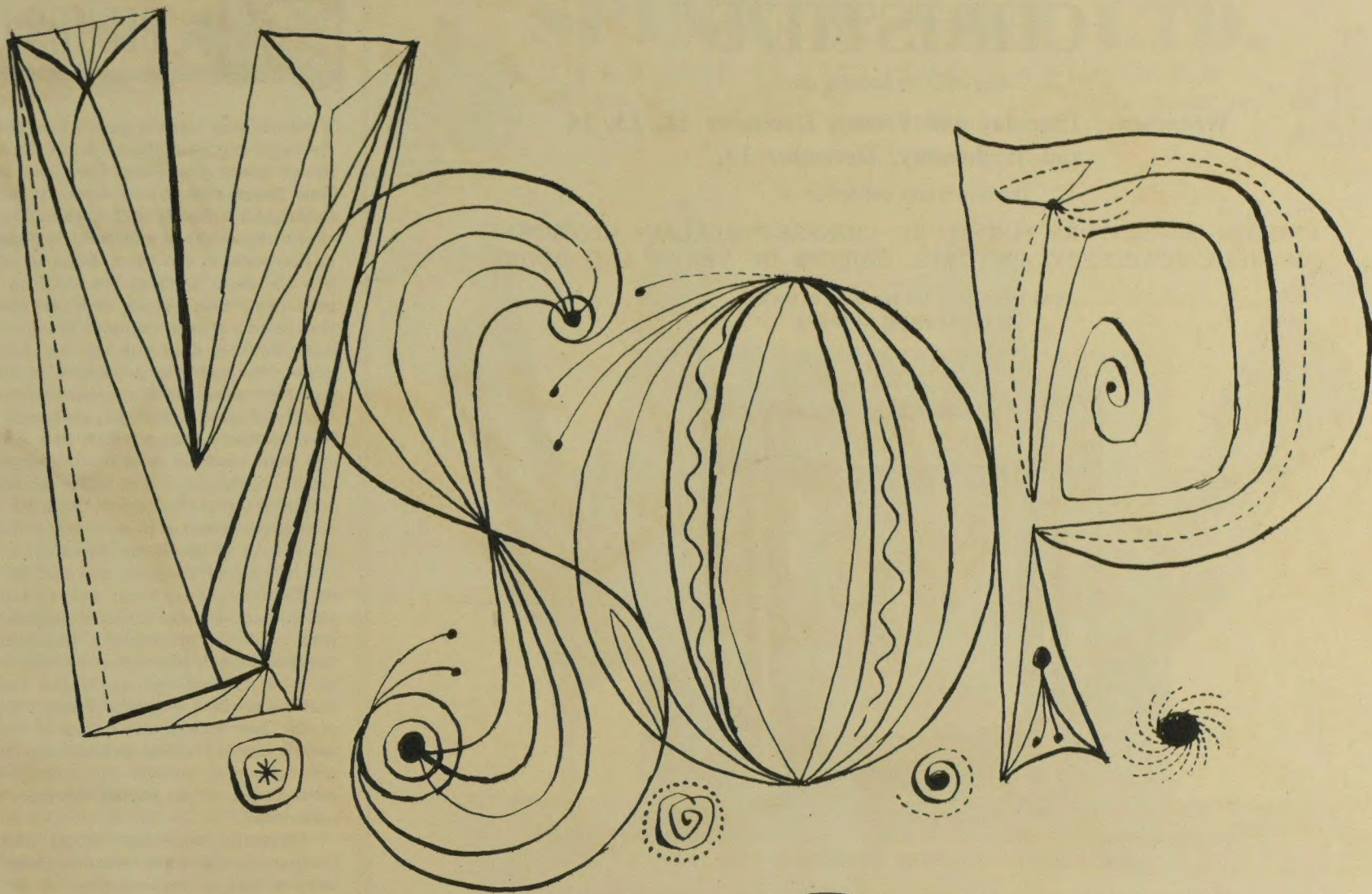
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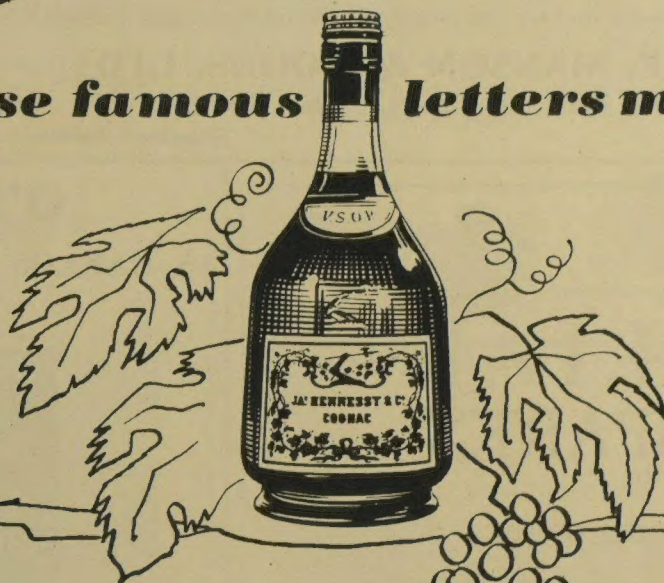


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PIECES FOR

LONG, long ago—a generation and more ago—up and down Bond Street and round about the Place Vendôme and the Rue Laftte, dealers in works of art were shaking their heads and warning their sons that there would be no worthwhile goods left in the world in ten years' time, so alarming was the drain to those points of no return, museums. The shaking of heads continues, yet somehow the supply, though clearly more limited, does not dry up, partly, no doubt, because the pessimists of the past underestimated both the number and the quality of what was in private hands, partly because many things which half a century ago were regarded as of no interest are now eagerly collected. The most obvious example of this is the current craze for French nineteenth-century paperweights from the glassworks of Clichy or Baccarat, which in the lifetime of many of us could be picked up for ten shillings or so, and to-day sometimes reach several hundred pounds. And who could have foretold that the once despised French Impressionists were destined to fetch fabulous prices in the course of half a century?—or that English furniture of the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century would before long be taken seriously not merely by young couples furnishing a house, but by the more solemn collectors?

Certainly, some fine things which one imagined would never return to these islands have a way of reappearing. A long time ago the first Lord Leverhulme owned two marvellous late eighteenth-century china cabinets. They both crossed the Atlantic—and now one of them is back in Bond Street,

COLLECTORS

to be seen any day at Mallett's. Much more surprising is the reappearance of two famous Turners and a choice little Constable, all lately on view at Agnew's. No one dreamt that the New York Public Library, to which they had been given by the original buyer, more than a century ago, would decide that it was a Library and not a Picture Gallery, and would sell them at public auction. The Constable is neither grand nor important, but a jewel, and it is amusing—and thought-provoking—to learn that when, in 1848, Mr. Lenox, the American collector who also owned the two Turners, bought it at Christie's, he had to be assured by C. R. Leslie, R.A., that it really was by Constable: in other words, within a dozen years of Constable's death, bogus Constables were on the market. Still more surprising, in view of Constable's fame, is the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of his first commissioned work (for which he diffidently thought of asking three guineas and was advised to demand ten!). The picture had been overlooked for a little more than a century and a half, in spite of the dozens of exhibitions and millions of words that have been devoted to him.

Those who take an interest in old silver will doubtless have noticed that, as with furniture, the early part of the nineteenth century is now being studied seriously, and that certain by-roads are being explored more thoroughly—for example, those fine upstanding tankards which were produced in the Baltic towns during the eighteenth century. Not very long ago they were regarded as fit only for a kindergarten type of collection.

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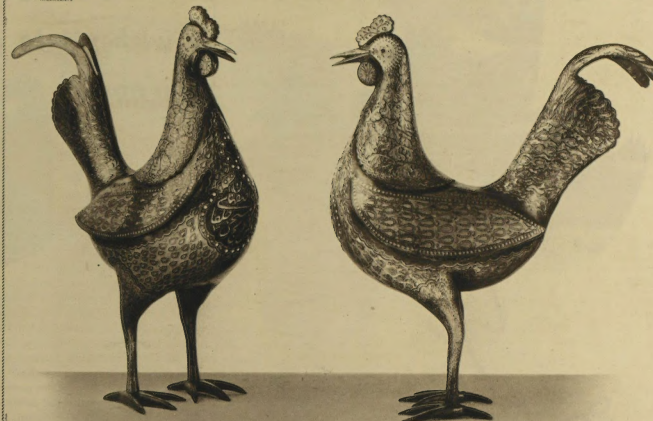
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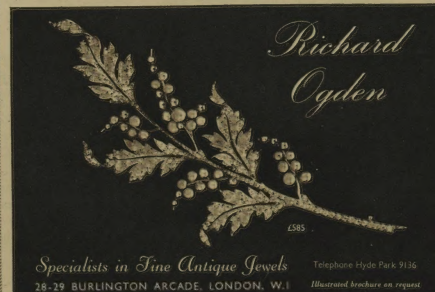
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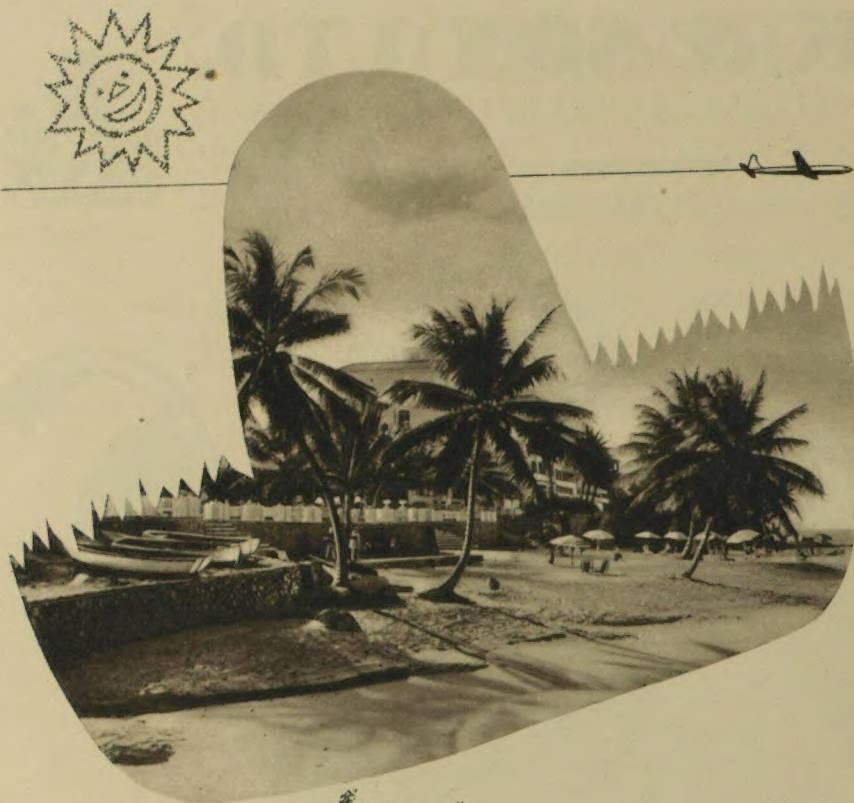
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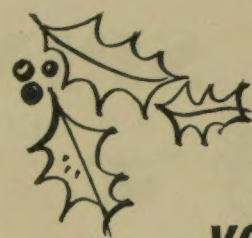
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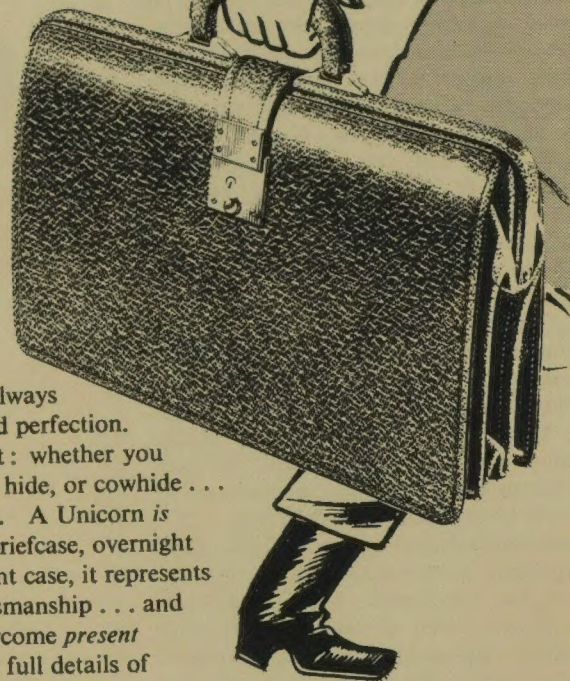


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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1956.



THE BATTLE OF BUDAPEST: A CITY BURNS IN ITS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

All recent reports from Budapest emphasize the tremendous amount of damage inflicted on the city by the Russian tanks and guns. Fortunately, this was very largely confined to the main streets and boulevards, for the Russian tanks did not go down the narrow streets, where they could not easily turn. Whenever the freedom fighters fired from a building the Russian tanks or artillery poured shells into it. It is estimated that at

least 500 Russian tanks were in Budapest during the battle. The determined resistance of the freedom fighters resulted in the destruction of a very considerable number of these. Fighting was particularly heavy in the industrial areas of the city, and this photograph shows the smouldering ruins of a warehouse, where a large number of freedom fighters had gathered. It is believed that many of them were burnt to death.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE are times when plain speaking between friends can do good, provided it takes place without rancour. The United States of America and the American people are, on the whole, the greatest cause of hope for the future peace, happiness and welfare of mankind in the world, and without their existence the prospect before humanity would be bleak indeed. Their political constitution is based on principles which are of enduring validity and virtue, and, as a result of that constitution and the way of life it engenders, their people are the kindest, most generous and hospitable, as well as most vigorous and efficient, to-day on earth. But they possess no exclusive monopoly as a nation to either wisdom or virtue, and their great wealth and power is in some danger of causing both them and others to suppose that they do. Recent events in the Middle East, where their Government's insistence on an unrealistic policy which was leading straight to a fatal extension of Russian power and a Russian-inspired Arab anti-Israel crusade embroiling the whole of that continent and probably the world, has underlined the fallibility of American judgment—both official and popular—in international affairs. It is natural and, indeed, inevitable for human beings to err but, where fallibility is combined with high ideals, cocksureness and an unshakable conviction of being morally in the right, it is almost invariably, so the history of mankind and individuals alike suggests, the precursor of a disaster.

The people of the United States in their relationships with others—so well-intentioned and, so often, so generous—suffer from another disability, one from which the British, in the heyday of their power and global responsibility, also suffered, and, by suffering themselves, caused others to suffer. Their attitude is what, in a smaller world, used to be called insular. Inhabiting a vast semi-continent, instead of a small island like their British fore-runners, they are yet sheltered from the direct physical impact of world events to a degree probably never enjoyed by any nation except Victorian Britain. Protected by immense ocean and air distances, the world's greatest Fleet and Air Force, and a long start—though, it is to be feared, a dwindling one—in the stockpiling of atomic weapons, and enjoying the immense economic advantage of a high tariff wall round a vast area self-contained in both raw materials and manufacturing capacity, the American people are to-day in possession of a security and wealth which are scarcely natural to the human lot in this world of continuous stress, struggle and testing. It would be surprising if they did not, therefore, display, like the late-Victorian and Edwardian British, a certain unconscious degree of complacency and a certain intellectual flabbiness such as nearly always arises when men enjoy for long an excess of good fortune. As in the thriving 'twenties, the American goose in this "good-time" decade is hanging high. And in that there is grave danger for both America and the world. For good fortune never lasts; it seems to be a law of nature that a well-covered posterior invites, and sooner or later receives, a kick in the pants. A man or nation who is sitting pretty should always be on guard. Poets are more prescient than politicians and potentates; the spirit of Kipling's "Recessional" was little understood, though much quoted, in the high summer of British Victorian imperialism, but looking back on it, one can see better than our fathers could the eternal validity of his words,

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

No doubt in 1956 Washington it is hard to see anything for Americans to be humble or contrite about, as hard as it was for the proud English in the year of the Diamond Jubilee. Yet

Far-call'd our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

We have been warned.

Perhaps a foreigner, a member of a once-imperial and ruling and now rather depressed and humiliated people, may be impertinent enough to do a little reminding. I will confine myself to the story of America's relations with Britain in the last twenty years. For it is only by setting events in their chronological sequence that the pattern of history—and the moral lesson

that is the meaning of history—emerges. My story begins—though it might with advantage begin earlier—in the 1930's. At that time Britain was slowly awakening to the danger that was arising to the liberties and peace of Europe and of the world as a result of her own and America's hasty disarmament and withdrawal from the European Continent fifteen years earlier, after their eleventh-hour defeat and subjection of an inherently militarist and aggressive Germany. Yet though Americans, from their apparently secure spectator's viewpoint on the far side of the Atlantic, criticised Britain, despite her now disarmed state, for not restraining Nazi Germany more swiftly, they made it clear that on no account would they go to war to preserve the threatened liberties of the nations of continental Europe, thereby making war certain. And when in 1939 Britain and France valiantly, if belatedly, refused to stand by and watch Poland undergoing the fate that Hungary is now undergoing and, as a result, suffered in the following year a disastrous defeat at a fully-prepared Germany's hand, the United States, despite the generous sympathies of her President, lifted her delicate skirts from the mire of battle and left France and Britain to their fate and Europe to the undisputed rule of the Nazis. It was only the heroic resistance of Britain's Air Force

and Navy in the autumn of 1940 and the fortitude of her people in the blitz, that caused America, under her wise President's prompting, to offer Britain little by little such aid against a brutal aggressor as would not involve her own people in the bloodshed and sacrifices of war. First she sold—at considerable profit—armaments to the British people in their desperate plight in return for their surrender of their overseas investments and savings and, when these were exhausted, again at her President's instance, offered to go on supplying arms against the enemies of mankind without payment in reliance on Britain's continuing to use them to the last drop of her stubborn people's blood. This loan was described by a grateful British Prime Minister as the "most unsordid act in history," but, by any objective and comparative standpoint, Britain's act in fighting for human freedom alone—for peace was repeatedly offered her by the triumphant aggressor—was surely even more unsordid. Only when America was attacked by Japan at Pearl Harbour did she enter, like Soviet Russia under a similar enforced necessity, the human crusade against the Axis. For this reason her sacrifices in blood and treasure in the common cause were far smaller, per head of the population, than those of Britain. Since the war, as befits her superior martial strength, wealth and population, the United States has taken her place as the leader of the free world in resistance to the expansionism of the Eastern totalitarian aggressor. Yet in that resistance she has relied, and not relied in vain, on one ally above all others—on the nation that saved human freedom in 1940 and on whose readiness to fight in a just cause to the last man she has depended, and knows she can depend, with absolute certainty. Yet when that nation's oil-wells and global sea-communications—as important to her military strength and national economy as the Texan oil-wells and the Panama Canal to America's—were threatened by a petty military dictator of the bullfrog Mussolini pattern armed and incited by America's and Britain's common enemy,

Soviet Russia, the American President and Government, for the sake of strengthening American political and commercial influence among the smaller nations of the East and Middle East, denied her support to her ally and, after engaging for months in "double talk" of an almost Russian elasticity through the mouth of her worthy big-business-lawyer Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, arraigned as aggressors in the United Nations Assembly the small threatened nation of Israel for anticipating the Arab invasion, which was so obviously impending, and Britain and France for intervening to prevent a major war in an area as vital to their legitimate interests as the Caribbean is to America's. No one in Britain suggests that either the rulers or the electors of America have been conscious of what they have done, or failed to do, in their dealings with their ally, but every responsible person in Britain, even those most critical of the British Government's action, knows in his heart that that in effect is what they have done. That Britain has made mistakes and has sometimes misunderstood America's position—as over Formosa—is undeniable, and ought to be admitted by every Briton. But it is time that Americans, too, learnt to be critical of their own actions and to remember that allies, even the most faithful, have rights as well as obligations.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.



STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF ONE OF THE STATE ROOMS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, SEEN IN AN EIGHTH BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT STUDY.

The Duke of Cornwall celebrated his eighth birthday at Buckingham Palace on November 14. He received presents from members of the Royal family on that day but he had his birthday party on the previous afternoon. It was held a day early as the Royal children's increasing activities tend to clash, and that day was found to be more convenient. After tea there was a film show at which the Queen was present, as well as a number of young friends of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. It was reported that the Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived in Darwin, Australia, on November 14, telephoned birthday greetings to his son.

Portrait study by Tony Armstrong Jones.

THE BATTLE OF BUDAPEST: A STRUGGLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS.



IN THE EARLY MORNING IN BUDAPEST: A FREEDOM FIGHTER LAYS ANTI-TANK MINES IN A MAIN STREET BEFORE THE RUSSIAN TANKS RUMBLE IN.



THE AFTERMATH OF BITTER FIGHTING IN BUDAPEST: ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN BOULEVARDS WHICH HAS BEEN SHATTERED BY RUSSIAN GUN FIRE.



AN INCREDIBLE FEATURE OF THE BATTLE: ONE OF THE BOXES LEFT IN THE CITY THROUGHOUT THE FIGHTING TO COLLECT DONATIONS FOR THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS.



HUNGER AS WELL AS SUDDEN DEATH THREATENED THE BRAVE PEOPLE OF BUDAPEST. AN ANXIOUS CROWD THROGS ROUND ONE OF THE VANS WHICH BROUGHT BREAD INTO THE CITY.



A HATED SIGHT IN BUDAPEST: HEAVY RUSSIAN TANKS STANDING IN ONE OF THE CITY'S SQUARES WHICH THEY AND OTHERS HAD SMASHED WITH MERCILESS FIRING.



PREPARING ANTI-TANK WEAPONS: A HUNGARIAN FREEDOM FIGHTER MAKING A "MOLOTOV" COCKTAIL."

The original successes of the citizens of Budapest in their desperate fight for freedom seemed incredible when the odds against them were considered. It came as an even greater surprise that the renewed Russian attack (launched on November 4) met with prolonged and considerably effective resistance from the brave bands of freedom fighters. Despite daily attacks by many hundreds of Russian tanks and heavy artillery fire, the fighting

went on and the Hungarians still appear to be offering resistance which is troublesome to their attackers. This has now become passive rather than active. The general strike has resulted in the complete paralysing of the country. The news that thousands of young Hungarians were being deported brought new outbreaks of violent resistance. One train containing some thousand deportees was attacked and the occupants were freed.

THE martyrdom of Hungary has angered and distressed the civilised world. It has also united almost all shades of political opinion at a moment when they could hardly have been more deeply divided on other matters. It has been seen through the eyes of frustration and helplessness. States and individuals have chafed because there was so little that could be done. Solemn protest and condemnation are not wholly unavailing, but they are inadequate. Relief work cannot go nearly far enough in such a case, and it has been hampered by Russian obstruction, though this is now reported to have ended. The blanket on news has left us at the mercy of hasty and doubtful impressions and for a time created the belief that the future of this unhappy country would be even more ghastly than now seems probable.

Another feature of the suppression of Hungarian nationalism has confused the issue. The renewal in greater strength of the Russian military offensive against Hungary followed quickly the action taken by the United Kingdom and France in Egypt. In many cases the synchronism of these two events was exploited by those who objected to the latter, but it was not unnatural that, at least on first impressions, they should have been connected in many minds. It now seems probable that the main reason for the Russian reversal of policy in Hungary was quite different. A more likely explanation is that the Russians found that they had been mistaken in the objects of the Hungarian revolt and the direction in which it was moving.

The resistance of Hungary to Russian domination followed quickly that which had occurred in Poland. Up to a point they were similar. In both cases they were inspired by nationalism. Both countries resented their chains; to both the title "satellite" had become abhorrent; both were weary of exploitation. In the case of Poland the Kremlin was enraged by signs of independence and made a certain effort to suppress it. On that point there can be no doubt. Yet a compromise was reached quickly. Mr. Gomulka got his way, or some of it—he may not have found things easy during his visit to Moscow. It looked for a moment as though the same thing were going to happen in the case of Mr. Nagy in Hungary, but this time Russia took another line. Why did her reactions differ?

We can do no more than interpret events to the best of our ability. We are ignorant of the debates behind them. Yet the facts speak with tolerable clarity. Mr. Gomulka decided to content himself with a little. He got a little, a degree of freedom. Marshal Rokossovsky has been ejected from the Politburo and has since resigned his post as commander-in-chief. Poland certainly seems to remain within the Russian orbit. The Russian grip on the nation may have been lightened—it has not prevented public criticism of Russian treatment of Hungary—but it suffices for practical purposes. It would seem that Russia decided against a stiff policy on the ground that it might do more harm than good.

The Hungarian rising at once led to hard fighting. In that respect the situation in the two countries differed. Yet in the first instance the Russian action was not dissimilar. It may well

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

POLAND AND HUNGARY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

be that this was due to the belief that the new Hungarian Government would also compromise, that Hungary would remain a Russian ally and that the Russian Army would have access to Hungarian territory. Yet in fact the Hungarian Government had no such intention. It desired neutrality. It is also clear that in Western Hungary elements far to the right of Mr. Nagy, some of which called him a traitor, had appeared. The more moderate might have entered into an alliance with him. Into the bargain, civil war continued. Surely these events provide a reasonable

The future of Poland and Hungary is difficult to penetrate. They have in their different ways provided evidence of the restlessness of the satellites and of their dislike of the Russian interpretation of Communism. Poland has the easier lot but stands in the more difficult situation. In compensation for lands wrested from her by

Russia she has been put in possession of German lands to which she has no moral right. If she is to retain these ill-gotten gains, she must retain a measure of Russian support, and this would become even more necessary in the event of reunion of the two Germanies. Both Poland and Hungary have taken steps on the path to freedom, which both will assuredly attain in the long run, but Hungary has suffered a cruel and bitter disappointment and in the immediate future must pass through a sad phase. The damage caused by fighting with heavy weapons seems to be serious in itself.

That Russian stock has fallen morally hardly needs saying. The exuberant friendship which had sprung up in this country has been wiped out. It is not "fascists and imperialists," to use the favourite Russian terms, who have been protesting against the Russian action. It is workmen, especially dockers. The indignation in France has been equally strong and more violent. To decide if and to what extent the fall extends beyond the moral field is not easy. It seems to me that the result has been a certain material weakening also, though this could be remedied. The amiable antics of our Russian visitors have proved to be wasted time for them. It would take a great deal to restore the honeymoon of last summer.

The Communist authorities have almost everywhere faithfully followed the party line. They have represented the extinction of Hungarian freedom as the defeat of a Fascist offensive. Yet the rank and file have shown perplexity. In this country the party is split and reduced in numbers. Whatever the effect on world Communism may prove to be, Russian action in Hungary has weakened it here. This action must, however, be regarded from the military rather than from the political point of view. A pro-Russian Communist Government has been installed mainly because the Russian military leaders consider that control of Hungary must be retained and that the country must not be permitted to become a neutral.

All that can be done by this and other free countries will in the first instance touch only the

fringe of relief, though something more may be possible later on. For the moment the refugees come first, especially the women and children—many women have fled with their children, leaving their husbands behind, and it is reported that a number of children have crossed the Austrian frontier without mothers or fathers. Those who feel sympathy for the people of Hungary in their tragedy cannot express it better than by contributing to the Lord Mayor's Fund, which they know from experience will be used to the best advantage. Anger is not out of place, but compassion is more timely, compassion and the generosity which it should excite. Britain, which can afford to spend lavishly for its Christmas feast, should hold to its reputation for compassion and generosity.



AID FOR HUNGARY: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WATCHES RECEIPTS FOR DONATIONS BEING MADE OUT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY IN LONDON.

On November 13 the Duke of Gloucester visited the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society in London. He is chairman of the Society's Council. At the time of writing, the Red Cross Fund for Hungary totalled over £145,000, vast quantities of clothing had been contributed, and it was also reported that a Red Cross depot had been opened in Budapest. Many other funds throughout the country have been strongly supported, and relief schemes have been organised by numerous associations, representing all sections of the community. Offers to take in the many thousands of Hungarian refugees have been made by countries throughout the world.

explanation of the Russian action, if not indeed the only possible one. The Red Army, which was withdrawing, marched forward again, now reinforced. The Government of Mr. Nagy, which Russia had been disposed to tolerate, was overthrown and replaced by a genuine "revolutionary" Government under Mr. Kadar, who could be relied on to obey Russian orders. Hungary is more firmly yoked than before the rising. Yet it may be that Russia will not proceed to the last extremes. At the time of writing, there are reports of a Kadar-Nagy *rapprochement* which, if confirmed, must be taken as significant. Perhaps if Russia can make a settlement like that in Poland, yielding some ground but preserving the essentials of alliance and control, she will be content with that on grounds of expediency.



COLONEL NASSER'S SABOTAGE : THE FIFTY-ONE OBSTACLES—SUNKEN SHIPS AND WRECKED BRIDGES—WHICH HAVE BEEN FOUND TO BE OBSTRUCTING THE NAVIGATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

On October 16 the Admiralty, as a result of their survey of Port Said and of the Suez Canal as far as the Anglo-French control line at El Cap, and of aerial reconnaissance of the remainder of the Canal and the Suez entrance, announced that the Egyptians had made forty-nine (or more correctly, fifty-one) obstructions to the navigation of the Suez Canal. These consisted of 22 (not 20, as originally stated) ships of various kinds sunk in Port Said and its environs ; 2 bridges destroyed (those at El Ferdan and Ismailia) ; 4 ships sunk in Suez itself, and 23 ships sunk in the Canal and lakes between El Cap and Suez. Clearance work at Port Said had already begun and the big dredger *Paul Solente* was being made watertight to float her out of the channel.

On November 14 Lord Hailsham, First Lord of the Admiralty, said that Britain's salvage organisation (the largest in the world and already in part at work on the job) was at the disposal of the United Nations in clearing the Canal for navigation. On November 18 the Egyptian Government requested the help of the United Nations in clearing the Canal ; and it was understood that the work would be undertaken shortly on a commercial basis by two concerns, one Danish and the other Dutch, which had already been approached by Mr. Hammarskjöld. On November 16 it appeared that the Egyptians were trying to cut off Port Said's water supply by breaching the Sweetwater Canal ; but it later appeared that this had been done by accident.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



THE BURIAL OF TWO PRESS REPRESENTATIVES KILLED BY EGYPTIAN FIRE ON NOVEMBER 11: A FRENCH CHAPLAIN (RIGHT) BY THE COFFIN OF M. ROY AND A RABBI BY THAT OF MR. SEYMOUR.



SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN WEAPONS AND ARMED EGYPTIANS: A GROUP OF COMMANDOS INVESTIGATING A DAMAGED AREA IN PORT SAID.



A RUSSIAN ROCKET-LAUNCHER: ONE OF THE MANY PIECES OF SOVIET MILITARY EQUIPMENT FOUND IN THE PORT SAID AREA.

At the time of writing, the situation in Port Said was described as an "uneasy cease-fire." Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Commander of the Allied Land Forces, announced on November 15 that his mission was to hold on to the stretch of Egyptian territory now occupied by Allied forces and to help to restore it to normal; to keep actively prepared for battle and to make provisions for handing over the occupied territory to the U.N. force. Mr.

DURING THE "UNEASY CEASE-FIRE": VIEWS OF CAPTURED EQUIPMENT



RESTORING NORMAL CONDITIONS IN PORT SAID: EGYPTIAN POLICE, SOME OF WHOM WERE ARMED ON NOV. 18 TO HELP THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FORCES.



THE "UNEASY CEASE-FIRE": BRITISH GUNNERS RELAXING BY THEIR FIELD GUN WHICH COVERS ONE OF THE PORT SAID STREETS.



MARCHING INTO PORT SAID AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN EGYPT: REGIMENTAL PIERS LEADING A BATTALION OF A SCOTTISH REGIMENT INTO THE TOWN.

Hammarskjöld held talks with the Egyptian Government between Nov. 16 and 18, at which Egypt asked for United Nations help in clearing the Canal, and at which the functions of the now growing United Nations force which has been landing at Abu Sueir airport were discussed. No definite date had yet been fixed for the withdrawal of the British and French forces. Reports as to the numbers of Egyptian civilians killed during the fighting in Port

SCENES IN PORT SAID AND EL CAP, AND SUPPLIED TO EGYPT BY RUSSIA.



OBSERVING REMEMBRANCE DAY: A SERVICE ATTENDED BY PARACHUTE TROOPS WHICH WAS HELD AT EL CAP, NEAR KANTARA, ON NOVEMBER 11.



EGYPTIAN CIVILIANS PASSING A BRITISH TANK: THE RUINED BUILDING IS ALSO SEEN IN THE CENTRE PICTURE TO THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PAGE.



A SCENE IN PORT SAID SHORTLY AFTER THE BRITISH LANDINGS ON NOVEMBER 5: FLOODING CAUSED BY A BURST WATER PIPE.

Said were vague, and varied between 100 and 1500 wounded and killed. General Stockwell has given the figure of 500 as his estimate, and one correspondent believes many of these to have been armed. The restoration of order in Port Said, which normally has some 175,000 inhabitants, has met with passive resistance by the civilians, the result of intimidation by the Egyptian Government. The water supply to the civilian population was threatened when the



A CASUALTY IN THE FIGHTING IN EGYPT: THE BODY OF A BRITISH OFFICER COVERED BY A UNION FLAG.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CIVILIANS OF PORT SAID, MANY OF WHOM ARE BEING INTIMIDATED BY THEIR GOVERNMENT INTO PASSIVE RESISTANCE TO THE OCCUPYING FORCES.



CAPTURED RIFLES: PART OF THE LARGE QUANTITIES OF WEAPONS, SUPPLIED BY RUSSIA, FOUND IN THE PORT SAID AREA.

Egyptians, apparently by accident, breached the Sweet Water Canal, on either November 13 or 14, but this was being repaired. In order to help in restoring normal life in Port Said, Egyptian radio broadcasts are being jammed in that area. A significant fact has been the discovery of large numbers of Russian weapons in Egypt. On Nov. 18 the Egyptians broke the cease-fire with small-arms shooting. This lasted four hours; Allied troops did not fire back.

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THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT OF THE U.N. POLICE FORCE, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT NAPLES BY AIR FROM AGRA.



AN ADVANCE PARTY OF CANADIAN TROOPS WHO ARRIVED BY AIR AT NAPLES. THE MAIN BODY, 938 IN ALL, ARE TRAVELLING IN H.M.C.S. *MAGNIFICENT*.



NORWEGIAN MEMBERS OF THE U.N. POLICE FORCE, AT NAPLES: NORWEGIANS AND DANES WERE THE FIRST TROOPS TO BE FLOWN TO EGYPT.



PART OF THE COLOMBIAN CONTINGENT, PARADED IN READINESS FOR TRANSPORT TO EGYPT. SOME COLOMBIANS WENT TO EGYPT ON NOVEMBER 16.



THE DANISH CONTINGENT—PART OF THE GROUP OF FORTY-FIVE OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FLEW IN SWISS AIRCRAFT TO ABU SUEIR, NEAR ISMAILIA, ON NOV. 15.



GENERAL BURNS, THE CANADIAN COMMANDER OF THE U.N. POLICE FORCE, INSPECTING COLOMBIAN TROOPS AT NAPLES ON NOVEMBER 15 BEFORE FLYING TO NEW YORK.

ON November 14 orders were cabled from U.N. headquarters in New York to Major-General Burns, the Canadian Commander of the United Nations emergency police force, to begin moving his men into Egypt as soon as possible. On November 15 95 Danish and Norwegian officers and men flew in three Swissair airliners from Naples to the airfield of Abu Sueir, near Ismailia, a former R.A.F. base. On the following day 103 Colombian and Norwegian officers and men and

(Continued opposite.)

(Right.) THE NEWLY-DESIGNED CAP BADGE FOR THE U.N. POLICE FORCE: IT IS GOLD-PLATED AND CARRIES THE U.N. EMBLEM IN BLUE AND WHITE.



THE BIRTH OF A NEW INTERNATIONAL FORCE: ADVANCE UNITS OF THE UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY POLICE EN ROUTE FOR EGYPT.

(Continued.)
eleven members of the U.N. staff flew from Naples to Egypt. On November 16 it was announced that Yugoslavia would be represented in the international force and that 44 officers and men would fly direct to Abu Sueir on November 17. The force in the first instance is to be drawn from these eight countries: Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Finland, India, Norway, Sweden and Yugoslavia; and in its early stages is expected to total about 4500, but may be increased if General Burns feels that more troops are necessary. Other countries which had offered troops were Brazil, Burma, Ceylon, Czechoslovakia, Ecuador, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Iran, New Zealand, Pakistan, Rumania, the Philippines and Peru.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖELD, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld was elected to the important office of Secretary-General of the United Nations in 1953. From 1933, when he became Assistant Professor in Political Economy at Stockholm University, he held during the next twenty years a number of important posts in the spheres of Swedish and international financial and political affairs. Recently he has had to deal with two great world crises and with the fact that in both of them the authority of the U.N. has been put to the test. In the Hungarian crisis Mr. Hammarskjöld has repeatedly urged the puppet Government of Hungary to accept United Nations observers but has not been successful up to the time of writing. However, he appeared to be meeting with more success in getting vital medical and food supplies into Hungary. U.N. authority has been frustrated by the claim that Hungary's anti-Russian uprising is purely a national

affair and not a matter to be dealt with by the U.N. The optimism about the Middle East which Mr. Hammarskjöld expressed after his world tour and his visit to Moscow earlier this year, and also his rejection of the British suggestion that the U.N. Palestine truce supervisory force should be strengthened, have not been justified by events. The British and French military action against Egypt was a grave reflection on the United Nations Organisation and led Mr. Hammarskjöld to suggest his resignation. This, however, was prevented by an immediate show of confidence in him. The future for the Secretary-General of the United Nations is full of problems: what is there to be done about Hungary? How will the problems of Palestine and the management of the Suez Canal be settled, especially in view of Egypt's past record of non-cooperation and Colonel Nasser's declared intention of stifling the State of Israel?

Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE SPOILS OF WAR: AN IMMENSE BOOTY CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELI ARMY.



PART OF ISRAEL'S HUGE BOOTY: A CLEARING AREA OF TANKS (MAINLY CZECH BUT INCLUDING SOME SHERMANS); AND, IN BACKGROUND, ARTILLERY.



AMMUNITION IN A CAPTURED STORAGE DUMP. IN ALL, ABOUT 7000 TONS OF AMMUNITION, WORTH MORE THAN £4,000,000, WERE TAKEN.

In our last issue we gave what was stated to be a conservative estimate of the spoils of war taken by the Israeli Army from the Egyptians during the Sinai and Gaza campaign. Although the quantities are so immense that definitive counting has not been completed, it is clear that the first figures were underestimated. Three fuel dumps were captured and a stock of 2,600,000 gallons "sufficient to maintain three divisions during a month of active fighting"; and 7000 tons of ammunition with a value of over £4,000,000.



CZECH-BUILT ANTI-TANK GUNS, CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELI ARMY. OF ABOUT 200 GUNS CAPTURED, THOSE OF HEAVIER CALIBRE WERE MAINLY RUSSIAN OR CZECH IN ORIGIN.



ONE OF THE HEAVIER TYPES OF A.F.V. CAPTURED: A SELF-PROPELLED GUN, OF TANK-DESTROYER TYPE, OF RUSSIAN ORIGIN AND WITH A 100-MM. GUN.

Of about 100 A.F.V.s about half were of Russian or Czech origin; and in the 200 artillery pieces the bigger calibre guns were mainly Czech in origin. Mobile radar equipment, Russian made, was captured before it had been unpacked for use. A considerable number of underground stores have been discovered; and their contents still, at the date of writing, awaited counting and collection. Rolling stock and several locomotives were captured, a railway line swiftly repaired, and the stores were being rapidly moved.



EGYPTIAN ARMY VEHICLES WHICH FELL INTO THE ISRAELI HANDS. THEY NUMBER IN ALL RATHER MORE THAN 1000, INCLUDING 100 BREN-GUN CARRIERS.



AN ISRAELI SOLDIER EXAMINING A PAIR OF LANDMINES, PART OF THE IMMENSE STOCKS OF WAR MATERIAL CAPTURED FROM THE EGYPTIAN FORCES.

FROM RUSSIA TO ISRAEL—VIA EGYPT: PART OF THE HUGE WAR STORES CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELI ARMY.

It has been estimated that at the beginning of the Sinai campaign there were about 40,000 Egyptian troops in the area. Their casualties in killed and wounded amounted to about 3000; and the Israel Army, despite its wish not to be encumbered with prisoners, with the consequent need of feeding them, nevertheless was left with about 7000 prisoners. It would seem, therefore, that about 30,000 Egyptian troops fled back to the Canal, leaving most of their stores behind them. It is stated, as an interesting

point, that of the Egyptian prisoners taken by the Israelis a surprisingly low proportion are officers; and it would seem in general that the officers made good their escape. Since one of the objects of the Egyptian revolution was to inject into the Egyptian population as a whole some of the morale of the officer corps, this must be a disturbing factor for Colonel Nasser; and a source of satisfaction to the Israelis, who have claimed that the chief objective of the campaign was to break the morale of the Egyptian Army.

DOWN TO THE SEA—AND BENEATH ITS DEPTHS.

"THE HAVEN-FINDING ART: A HISTORY OF NAVIGATION FROM ODYSSEUS TO CAPTAIN COOK." By E. G. R. TAYLOR*; and "MAN EXPLORES THE SEA: THE STORY OF UNDERSEA EXPLORATION FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO COMMANDANT COUSTEAU." By JAMES DUGAN.†

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE are two massive and fascinating books about the history of man's relationship with the sea: the first tells how he gradually learnt to find his way about its surface, and the second how he learnt to penetrate its depths, to navigate them and to explore them.

Each is learned, exhaustive and crowded with detail: in the nature of things Professor Taylor's is more consistently technical and scientific, and less, at any rate superficially, "romantic." Even some helmsmen who can make a reasonable land-fall with the usual apparatus may find the workings of some of the earlier instruments a little difficult to understand, and be slightly fogged by such passages as: "Norwood [early 17th century] gave a very clear exposition of great-circle sailing, the method for which in effect was to replot short lengths of the circle on a Mercator chart, and sail on a succession of straight rhumbs. In his diagram (Fig. 28) AB is the great circle between two places, so that the angles PAB and PBA are found. The triangle is then divided by meridians PX, PY, PZ, etc., at a chosen angle from PA, say 10°, when the triangles PAX, PXY, PYZ, etc., can be solved. This gives the bearings and distances of the segments AX, XY, YZ, etc., of the great circle, whose latitude and longitude are known. P is the Pole, so that the arcs PA and PB, and the angle APB (D. long.) are known. This triangle can be solved. These short sections may be replaced without noticeable error by straight-lined rhumbs." But let not the reader suppose that this is a characteristic passage, although necessary. Besides the astronomy and the mathematics and the antiquarian knowledge (extending over many countries and languages) there are much acute reasoning and much imagination and many amusing facts in the book.

Professor Taylor begins boldly with a straight question: "How did the ancient navigator, with neither compass nor chart, set and keep course for his port of destination?" There are no early written records: "The sailor was a craftsman, learning as a youth how to pilot his ship by working beside his master. Nothing was written down." We know from hieroglyphics and engravings something about the methods of propulsion, and rigs, of ancient ships, but it isn't until the emergence of written narrative literature that we get even a clue as to how they were navigated. "In the Acts of the Apostles, for example, St. Paul's shipwreck is vividly described by an eyewitness, who tells us that when for many days neither Sun nor stars had been visible from the driving ship, the crew abandoned all hope. For the Sun by day, and the stars by night, served the helmsman as compass for his bold sailing during the three thousand years or more which elapsed before he knew the magnetic needle. And for chart he relied upon his visual memory and experience of the coastal sky-lines. Even to-day, of course, since the ultimate sources of time-keeping and position-finding are the heavenly bodies, the sailor must look up at the sky. But so long and so far has a chain of experts—professional astronomers, mathematicians, almanac-makers, instrument-makers and so forth—separated the ordinary man from first-hand observation that he has ceased to think beyond the actual clock, time-signal, map, calendar, or whatever it may be that 'tells' him what he wishes to know." That applies to all fields of life. We take so much for granted. Who thinks of the hosts of plodders and the occasional single geniuses who thought of and planted and improved the first crops, domesticated the first animals and fowls, built the first boats—finding a hollowed log more comfortable to sit on than a non-hollowed one, and then that some sort of rudder might be advantageous, and then that the wind, pressing on some fibrous sheet, would assist both navigation (though that came later, with the elaboration of sails) and speed?

Here there is a reminder to every chronometer-watching navigator of one of H.M.'s battleships and every owner of the sort of small ship which went to Dunkirk, and now, happily, simply swarms round our shores, of the hosts of curious experimenters and inventors and adventurers who have brought our knowledge, and certainty of navigation to its present point of near-perfection. Professor Taylor goes thoroughly, and always exactly, through the whole development, taking St. Brendan and Sinbad the Sailor, as well as Marco Polo, on his way to Captain Cook—who, apart from his other signal merits, was, like Commodore Collins, an outstanding Hydrographer.

The last great difficulty overcome was the Determination of the Longitude. For a long time that was a baffling problem. When I was a young man I eagerly picked up from a barrow a book called "Squire on the Longitude." It wasn't so much the Longitude that attracted me, though I was interested in navigation, and might have been more deeply so, had it not been for work, which so cursedly interferes with one's life. It was the surname. Here, thought I, is someone of my name, possibly even of my family, who may



FOUND IN THE SEA IN 1928: A GREEK MASTERPIECE OF C. 220 B.C., KNOWN AS "THE BOY JOCKEY OF ARTEMISION," WHICH WAS RECOVERED BY AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION OFF CAPE ARTEMISION, GREECE.

Illustration reproduced from the book "Man Explores the Sea"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

have done something of note: the only other claimant to that eminence being an incompetent ass in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the First who attempted to kill her Majesty by putting an upturned poisoned nail on the saddle of her horse—as though anything shorter than a 10-in. nail could have got through the layers of Gloriana's petticoats. When I opened the work I found that the Christian name of this mathematician was "Jane": a remarkable thing in the eighteenth century, when women didn't usually barge into that sort of province. I wish I could refer to the book now, but Hitler got it with his bombs. It seems that she must have been after the reward of £20,000 which the Admiralty offered for the determination of the Longitude. She evidently didn't win it. She isn't even in the Index to this book. Perhaps she was a wild crank: for such people have existed in all centuries, though they weren't, in her day, quite so numerous in Parliament. Another person won the Award, and his story is told here. The Lords of the Admiralty dodged and dodged and fobbed him off with a smaller sum than they had promised. Things don't change much.

As for Mr. Dugan's book, it is historically as thorough as Professor Taylor's, and as voluminous. It has the advantage of opening up future vistas. It is unlikely that we shall discover more aids to

navigation: but nobody can tell what the limits may be to our ability to explore the ocean bed, or our discoveries, zoological and archaeological, when we get down to it. Sponge-divers and pearl-divers are here, and then we come to the earliest submarines. Fulton came to England with the designs for one in 1804. He saw Pitt: "Although Pitt was genuinely interested in trying Fulton's military potential, he had already, for a mere £800, attained his main objective, which was to steal this troublesome man from France and get reassuring evidence that Napoleon had no submarines. Their first interview was at breakfast in Pitt's country house near Putney Common, with Sir Home Popham, Pitt's aide. Pitt listened intently to Fulton's description of what the submarine would do. 'When Sir Home Popham went into an adjoining room,' says Fulton's account of the breakfast, 'Mr. Pitt remarked that this is an extraordinary invention which seemed to go to the destruction of all fleets; I replied that it was invented With that View, And as I had no design to desecrate him or the government I did not hesitate to give it as my opinion that this invention would lead to the total annihilation of the existing System of Marine War.' Fulton was not far wrong. Those who lived by the existing system did not like it at all. Admiral Earl St. Vincent, one of Britain's sea-dogs, roared, 'Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the seas did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it.'"

The submarines are here now. Twice they have nearly starved us out; and although we may regret their invention, like the invention of so many other things, it is just as well that we have them ourselves. The whole history of this beastly, but to us now necessary, thing is in this book. But towards the end attention switches to the aqualung, and its uses in submarine archaeology. Here, illustrated with superb photographs, are shown underwater discoveries which open up illimitable vistas to the imagination. Gray wrote:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Baudelaire put that into French: he didn't mind raiding foreigners, Poe, and even Longfellow. To us, now that we can go far deeper than earlier divers, and stay down longer than they (provided that we come up more gradually, in order to avoid the "bends"), the stanza means more than it meant to our ancestors. For, around the coasts of the Mediterranean, are countless wrecks of ships which were carrying the loot of the Greek world to Rome (and there may be many more in mid-sea, for one could founder as well as run on the rocks), and the intrepid underwater men have begun exploring them and hoisting-up treasures.

I don't mean treasures of gold and silver: though that is what archaeology means to juvenile minds. There may still, so far as we know, be recoverable in the green depths of the Mediterranean marbles and bronzes as beautiful as any we know. There are photographs here of a superb Zeus throwing a thunderbolt (a replica, we are told, is in the foyer of U.N.O. in New York, where I should say that a statue of Janus dithering with a Veto would be more suitable) and of a grinning young jockey-boy. These were dredged up in fishermen's nets. Throughout the centuries who knows what masterpieces may not have been dredged up in fishermen's nets: the bronzes to have been melted down for the metal, the Aphrodites to have been smashed up for walls of houses or fields?

Yet ancient Greece was so prolific, and Rome so plundering, that nobody can tell what may still come to light. Even the Aphrodite of Cnidos, known and revered in so many different copies, may herself be lying beneath those waters somewhere. If anybody finds her I hope it will be Commandant Cousteau.

I shall treasure this book all my life.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 910 of this issue.

* "The Haven-Finding Art: A History of Navigation from Odysseus to Captain Cook." By E. G. R. Taylor, Emeritus Professor of Geography, London University. With a Foreword by Commodore K. St. B. Collins, R.N., Hydrographer of the Navy. Illustrated. (Hollis and Carter; 30s.)

† "Man Explores the Sea: The Story of Undersea Exploration from the Earliest Times to Commandant Cousteau." By James Dugan. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.)



IN THE MASQUE WHICH THE QUEEN SAW AT GRAY'S INN: MR. DENNIS CHINNERY AS PROTEUS AND MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT AS ESQUIRE.



A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, IN THE HALL OF GRAY'S INN, WHERE SHE WATCHED THE MASQUE.

"REVELS" AT GRAY'S INN: THE QUEEN WATCHES A MASQUE ORIGINALLY PERFORMED FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH I.

On the evening of November 13 the Queen attended an adaptation of an Elizabethan masque presented in the hall of Gray's Inn. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, a bencher of the Society, and the Duchess of Gloucester. No reigning Sovereign had been present at a masque at one of the Inns of Court since Charles II. The Queen saw the masque of the Prince of Purpoole, which was played in the revels held for Queen Elizabeth I at Christmas 1594, when it lasted from December 20 until

the end of the twelve days of Christmas. On her arrival the Queen was received by the Treasurer of the Inn, Sir Leonard Stone, and trumpeters in Elizabethan costume sounded a fanfare as she took her seat on a chair of state at the front of the dais. The producer of the Revels was Mr. Robert Atkins, and the cast was composed partly of professional actors and partly of members of the Inn. During an interval the Queen walked round the hall and members of the Inn were presented to her.



THE U.S. LANDING AT THE SOUTH POLE BY AIR: CAPTAIN W. M. HAWKES (LEFT) AND REAR-ADMIRAL G. J. DUFEK, THE LEADER.

These two photographs (above and right) show the U.S. aircraft landing at the South Pole on October 31. It was the first time that men had set foot at the Pole since Captain Scott and his ill-fated party did so in January 1912. The U.S. Navy party of seven stayed at the South Pole for about an hour.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE U.S. AIRCRAFT LANDING AT THE SOUTH POLE; AND OTHER EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



AT THE SOUTH POLE: THE SKI-EQUIPPED U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT WHICH LANDED THE EXPEDITION OF SEVEN AT 8.30 A.M. GREENWICH TIME, ON OCTOBER 31.



RUSSIAN OVERTURES IN A NEW DIRECTION: (L. TO R.) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. SHEPILOV WITH AN AFGHAN DELEGATION. Mohammed Daud Khan, the Prime Minister of Afghanistan, arrived in Moscow on October 17 at the head of an Afghan Government goodwill mission. Little has been heard of the progress of this mission; but the above photograph was recently issued from Moscow.



ARAB RULERS AT THE BEIRUT CONFERENCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT, FOREGROUND) KING FEISAL OF IRAQ, KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, PRESIDENT KUWATLY OF SYRIA, KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA, AND PRESIDENT CHAMOUN OF LEBANON. A conference of Arab rulers and heads of states (at which Egypt, Arabia, Sudan, Libya, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq were represented) ended abruptly on November 15 with a statement noting with appreciation the resolutions of the U.N. General Assembly on British-French-Israeli "aggression" in Egypt. There were, however, reports of a split, with Iraq, Arabia and Lebanon aligned against Egypt and Syria on the future of the oil trade.



ENTERING THE COURT AT KARLSRUHE ON NOVEMBER 12: DR. OTTO JOHN, FORMER HEAD OF THE WEST GERMAN POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE. The trial of Dr. Otto John opened in the Federal Supreme Court at Karlsruhe on November 12. Dr. John is facing charges of high treason, which include giving information to the Russians. He returned to West Germany last December after spending 17 months in the Eastern Zone. He alleges that he was drugged before being driven to East Berlin.



RECONSTRUCTED BY THE POLICE: A PARCEL BOMB WHICH EXPLODED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE WHILE BEING OPENED AND INJURED FOUR MEMBERS OF A FAMILY. Investigations are continuing about a parcel bomb which exploded and injured four members of a Bristol family called Darbey, on November 1. It was posted in Paddington, London, and contained a metal strip marked "Enosis." It is thought that it may have been intended for somebody else of the same name, possibly a former member of the British forces in Cyprus.

CARRYING TWO ANTARCTIC EXPEDITIONS: THE MOTOR-VESSEL MAGGA DAN— A ROYAL FAREWELL VISIT AND THE DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

SHORTLY after 11.30 a.m. on November 15 the 2200-ton Danish motor-vessel *Magga Dan* moved away from her berth at Butler's Wharf, near Tower Bridge, and sailed slowly down the Thames at the start of her long and hazardous voyage to the Weddell Sea. This sturdy ship carries two expeditions who will undertake important Antarctic exploration. The Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, led by Dr. V. E. Fuchs, plans to cross the Antarctic Continent from Vahsel Bay, in the Weddell Sea, to McMurdo Sound, in the Ross Sea. It is to be met some 500 miles from the South Pole by a group from New Zealand, led by Sir Edmund Hillary. This expedition is expected to take some two years. The second group on board the *Magga Dan* is the Royal Society's International Geophysical Year Expedition, led by Colonel Robin Smart, R.A.M.C. The main party of twenty-one men expect to join the advance party at Halley Bay at the end of December. They will complete the erection of the Royal Society Antarctic observatory, where the programme of observations being undertaken as part of the Geophysical Year will be carried out. The *Magga Dan*, which was launched at Aalborg by Mrs. Fuchs on June 1, is a passenger and refrigerator vessel, which, with its powerful engine, is especially designed for navigation in Polar waters. The crew of twenty-six is Danish, and the Master is Captain H. Petersen. The *Magga Dan* is 215 ft. long, with a beam of 45 ft.

(Right.) ALL SET FOR ANTARCTICA: THE DANISH MOTOR-VESSEL MAGGA DAN PULLS SLOWLY AWAY FROM HER THAMES BERTH ON NOV. 15 AT THE START OF HER LONG POLAR VOYAGE.



A FAREWELL VISIT BY THE QUEEN ON NOVEMBER 13: HER MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY DR. FUCHS (LEFT) AND CAPT. PETERSEN, INSPECTING THE EXPEDITION'S AIRCRAFT.



LEADING THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: DR. VIVIAN E. FUCHS, ON BOARD MAGGA DAN IN LONDON.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ARTHUR AND ANTHONY DEVIS.



THE Devis family is very naturally regarded with something more than respect in Preston, whence it came and to which was apparently careful not to return. The policy of the Corporation Art Gallery has been to collect as many paintings and drawings by each of its members as possible, with the result that it now owns 119 drawings by Arthur Devis' younger brother Anthony who, in the course of his long life (1729-1816), must have travelled extensively in the British Isles and possibly abroad, making hundreds of topographical views. I consider myself reasonably tough, but the good people of Preston must be tougher; more than a century of Anthony, who was neither better nor worse than a dozen other nice, well-mannered draughtsmen of his time, would be too much for me. But then I hold heretical views on these matters. I deplore the fact, for instance, that such vast numbers of Turner water-colours are buried in the British Museum, I'm glad that Sudbury hasn't cornered all the Gainsboroughs just because Gainsborough was born there, and I'm glad, too, that one hasn't to go to Leyden to see a Rembrandt. I like both first-class and third-class works of art to be spread about, and I believe that Preston would be happier with less Devis and more variety. Local patriotism is a fine thing, but a balanced diet is not to be despised. Having worked off my spleen in this ill-mannered way, let me add that everyone who takes an interest in English painting is in debt to Preston for its staunch enthusiasm about its eighteenth-century minor worthies and particularly to the gallery director, Mr. S. H. Pavière, for his excellent and detailed history of the family, published in 1950 in a limited edition of 500 copies.

Anthony was evidently regarded by his contemporaries as slightly eccentric. At Albury, in Surrey, where he lived, he astonished the natives by carrying an umbrella when such a thing was a novelty and was known as "man mushroom"; another version is that the name was given him because he built a studio on a hill with a mushroom roof. In a letter written by the 2nd Earl Bathurst he is referred to as "tho an odd-looking man . . . a person of some merit among the fraternity." He asked a guinea a day for cleaning pictures and he provided some of the views for the famous dinner service which Josiah Wedgwood made for the Empress Catherine of Russia.

The really interesting one of the four is Arthur (1711-87), not because he had twenty-two children, which seems an excessive number even for those days—six of them survived infancy—but because he provides us with so penetrating a survey of a class of society we might otherwise be tempted to ignore. We are reasonably familiar with portraits of the great, of the rich and famous, by men at the top of their profession, from Kneller onwards. Arthur Devis, a middling sort of man, shows us, on the whole, middling sort of people—prosperous enough, but somehow a trifle self-consciously dressed up for the occasion in their best clothes and apparently facing something of an ordeal. Whether we see them in single portraits

or in delightful family groups, they are generally rather stiff. No doubt had he been more accomplished, the painter would have breathed more life into them; as it is, part of his peculiar charm lies in his naivety, in his earnest efforts to put down faithfully what he sees before him. He is no hand at a landscape, which—as in this National Gallery picture—is merely an accessory—but uncommonly good with silks and satins. Good, too, with faces, but singularly incapable of flattery; perhaps that is why he was not more successful. He showed his

people not as they wished to be, but as they probably were, and it is a fair inference from his surviving work that the incidence of dyspepsia among his clients was considerable, while pretty faces were rarities. He is a most useful antidote to a merely glamorous view of society.

I always think that the most interesting comparison to be made with Arthur Devis is provided by his near contemporary in Holland, Cornelis Troost (b. 1697), who also painted middle-class family groups. Two of them were seen in the recent exhibition, first at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and then at Burlington House, of "Children Painted by Dutch Artists," and illustrated in colours in our issue of October 27. But whereas Troost is clearly influenced by France and organises his compositions with graceful fluency, Devis is rigid and downright, almost a primitive. His obvious inability to give us human beings capable of walking is part of his charm. He has two other incidental titles to fame. One is that he was the double of the Young Pretender—an embarrassing circumstance when passions were running high; the other is that a few years before he died he was employed to restore the paintings in The Painted Hall, Greenwich. His nineteenth child, Arthur William (1763-1822), seems to have painted both history pictures and portraits, but—poor man—was a rolling stone and so gathered no moss.

But to return to Anthony. We learn that he left Preston at the age of thirteen, that he was elected a councillor at the age of twenty-four, but did not attend to take the oath nor once sign the book as being present at a meeting. He exhibited in London at the "Free Society" in 1761 and 1763, and at the Royal Academy in 1772 and 1781. All this, it seems to me, adds up to very little. Most collectors of English drawings like to own two or three of his productions, but it has been left to his birthplace to do its non-attendance councillor the honour of a full-dress exhibition. The catalogue notes that he possibly travelled abroad, presumably on the evidence of some of the drawings of Italian scenes. It would be of interest to hear of definite evidence on this point, because these drawings could well have been made from prints or paintings by others. I note that one of them is inscribed "By memry of a picture at Newby of R. Tivoli." What so far has been generally regarded his best drawing, "Landscape with Oak Tree," is reproduced in colours in the catalogue and appeared also

in Mr. Pavière's book about the family, but once again I find myself at odds with authority: I should have thought that this was an oak tree liable to collapse at any moment, because it appears to have been knitted in wool. Curiously, Anthony is less hesitant and more at home with "Mr. Goodchal's Yew." The real trouble, I would suggest, is that he knew deep down inside himself that he was a third-rate artist and this gave to all his drawings an air of anæmia. All his drawings? I note one, illustrated herewith, where I believe he has pulled himself together and painted *con brio*—"Winterstow on the Road to Dorchester"—sun and cloud and the wind sighing over broad acres. It is so lively in the photograph that, were it not for the learned cataloguer, it would be tempting to ascribe it to some more vigorous hand.



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A PARK," BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711-1787), ONE OF THE FAMILY OF ARTISTS FROM PRESTON ABOUT WHOM FRANK DAVIS WRITES IN THIS ARTICLE. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 16 ins.) Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London.



"WINTERSTOW ON THE ROAD TO DORCHESTER," FROM THE LARGE COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS BY ANTHONY DEVIS (1729-1816) (THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF ARTHUR DEVIS) AT THE HARRIS MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, PRESTON. (Pen and wash; 12 by 17 ins.)



BALLERINAS OF A CENTURY AGO: "THE THREE GRACES"—TAGLIONI, GRISI AND FERRARIS—BY A. E. CHALON, R.A.

The recent visit to London of the great Russian ballerina, Ulanova, has underlined once again the immense popularity achieved by the leading ballet dancers. Even to-day the comparatively novel advent of the film star has not robbed the ballet dancer of her wonted acclaim. In this charming water-colour Alfred Chalton, R.A. (1780-1860), has perpetuated three of the leading ballerinas of his day. Taglioni, Grisi and Ferraris

were all Italians. They danced in many different countries in the dramatic and traditional ballets of the French and Italian schools of the time. There are a number of such drawings of ballerinas by Alfred Chalton, whose miniatures and flattering portraits in water-colours were in great demand. Exhibited at the R.A. in 1851, this work is dated 1850, and on it Chalton designates himself as "Portrait Painter in Water-Colours to Her Majesty."

(Water-colour on board; 32 by 22½ ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of Minto Wilson, Esq.)

UNIQUE AND RICH POTTERY FROM THE EARLIEST PHAISTOS PALACE.



FOUND IN THE EARLIEST PHAISTOS PALACE: A WINE-POURER, USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH, AND OBVIOUSLY BY THE SAME HAND AS, THE HUGE AND FANTASTIC WINE CRATER SHOWN ON THE IMMEDIATE RIGHT.



ONE OF THE MOST SUMPTUOUS AND AMAZING PIECES OF MINOAN POTTERY: A HUGE WINE CRATER, WITH FREE-STANDING LILIES AND, ORIGINALLY, WHITE CHAINS HANGING FROM THE RIM.



A THREE-HANDLED SPOUTED JUG OF BEAUTIFUL FORM AND ELABORATE ORNAMENT, A COMBINATION OF SPIRAL SCROLLS AND GROUPS OF SCALLOP SHELLS IN RELIEF.



A FLATTENED BASKET-SHAPED VASE WITH A MARBLE-LIKE LUSTROUS SURFACE WHICH SEEMS TO DERIVE DIRECTLY FROM THE NEOLITHIC TECHNIQUE; AND WITH AN UNDULATING PATTERN.

In our issues of September 29 and October 6 Professor Doro Levi described the results of the Italian excavations at Phaistos, in Crete, during the 1955 season. This was an extremely successful season—from the actual early structures revealed, the remarkable pottery discovered, and the new light thrown on the dating of the earlier phases of the Minoan civilisation. From the æsthetic and human aspects, however, the most striking of these is the pottery—and this is the subject of these two pages of colour reproductions. The great wine *crater* and its companion *oinochoe*, the basket-shaped vase and the three-handled jug with the scallop shell reliefs—these were all found

on the level of the earliest Phaistos palace. Professor Levi describes the huge *crater* as “one of the most magnificent and original of all Minoan vases . . . brilliantly painted with a chequerboard pattern and a coral pattern, the shoulder and pedestal being decorated with white, free-standing lilies, while chains of white rings were hanging from hooks along the lip.” The *oinochoe*, or wine jug, is obviously by the same hand; and, as Professor Levi writes: “Evidently *craters* for mixing wine, placed in the corner of the banquet-room with jugs for drawing wine from them and pouring it into the cups, were present in the Minoan dining-rooms some fifteen centuries before the

[Continued opposite.]

MASTER WORKS OF THE MINOAN POTTERS AND PAINTERS OF 4000 YEARS AGO.



A NOBLE FOUR-HANDLED *PITHOS*, OR STORAGE JAR, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT PHAISTOS, WITH A CHEVRON PATTERN AND KNOBBED DECORATION, *A LA BARBOTINE*. THIS STYLE OF DECORATION IS ALSO FOUND IN THE GIANT *PITHOI* OF THE GREAT PALACE OF KNOSSOS, AND DATES FROM THE MIDDLE MINOAN AGE.



A POT IN THE STYLE OF A *JARDINIÈRE*—FROM PHAISTOS, WITH TYPICAL SPIRALIFORM DECORATION IN POLYCHROME ENDING IN LEAF MOTIFS. THE RIM IS APPARENTLY TURNED, THUS GIVING A DECEPTIVELY MASSIVE EFFECT.



A TWO-HANDLED BRIDGE-SPOUTED JAR IN A SHAPE VERY POPULAR IN CRETE'S MIDDLE MINOAN AGE, BUT WITH A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL OCTOPOD DESIGN IN WHITE AND RED ON BLACK. *Continued.*

same usage was general in classical Greece." The wine jug with scallop reliefs is obviously of the same period and general style, though in much more restrained taste. The basket-shaped vase is very interesting and unusual, and one of its most interesting features is its lustrous surface. The other four pots are reproduced from water-colour drawings, by an artist of the expedition. These are of well-known shapes and styles with the exception of that which we describe as being "in the style of a *jardinière*," which is decorated in the manner of the large fruit-stand which we reproduced in our October 6 issue. The two *pithoi* are storage jars and are decorated *à la barbotine*, i.e., with knobs, and with patterns derived from ropes or nets;



ANOTHER NOBLE *PITHOS*, OR STORAGE JAR, DECORATED *A LA BARBOTINE* AND WITH A RETICULATED PATTERN IN RED. SUCH PATTERNS SIMULATE ROPES OR NETS.

and are reminiscent, on a smaller scale, of the giant *pithoi* of Knossos. The bridge-spouted jar is a beautiful example of a familiar type. All these last four are of the type known as "Middle Minoan." But Minoan dating is no longer as certain as it seemed to be and Professor Levi has written "the finds of our last season confirm that revolution in our ideas about Minoan antiquities which our researches of the last few years have foreshadowed: namely, the dating of the beginning of the palatial Minoan (the Middle Minoan; but at the same time also the so-called Early Minoan) to about 2000 B.C.; the immediate link between this and the preceding Neolithic age; and the discovery at the same moment of writing and the beginning of linear script."



(ABOVE) UNITED KINGDOM AND UNITED NATIONS CAMPAIGN STARS AND SERVICE MEDALS; AND (BELOW) COMMONWEALTH SERVICE MEDALS OF THE 1939-45 WAR.



EMBLEMS OF SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: UNITED KINGDOM AND COMMONWEALTH CAMPAIGN STARS AND SERVICE MEDALS, COVERING THE LAST WAR AND LATER CAMPAIGNS AND INCIDENTS.

This extremely interesting array of stars, medals, ribbons, clasps and emblems—a guide to the significance of the ribbon display on the breasts of many thousands of men and women of the Empire and Commonwealth—needs perhaps some further explanation. Of the eight campaign stars, five (the Africa, Pacific, Burma, Italy, and France and Germany Stars) needed as a general qualification entry into the operational area; of the rest the 1939-45 Star and the Atlantic Star required six months' operational service or two months' operations for aircrew, and the Air Crew Europe Star was issued for two months' operational service. Of these the stars of (a) Atlantic, Air Crew Europe, and France and Germany, and (b) Pacific and Burma cannot be worn together; and if more than one of (a) or (b) were earned, the first star earned was issued with a clasp for the second one earned—as shown in the centre of the reproduction. There were as well clasps for Battle of

Britain pilots, for the 1st and 8th Armies in Africa, and a North Africa clasp for naval and R.A.F. personnel involved in the North Africa campaigns. The War Medal was earned by twenty-eight days' full-time service in the Armed Forces; the Defence Medal for three years' home service in the Armed Forces (including the Home Guard) and in Civil Defence, and for shorter service in certain other circumstances. The Naval General Service and the General Service medals were instituted to cover minor campaigns which do not warrant a special medal, such as Palestine and Malaya. The Korea Medal was earned by twenty-eight days' service in the theatre, the U.N. Korea Medal by one day's service there. The Africa General Service Medal, which dates from 1902, is issued to all services for minor campaigns and a total of forty-five different clasps have been issued. The six Commonwealth service medals were issued to cover the 1939-45 war in addition to the campaign stars.

Medals reproduced by courtesy of Spink and Son, Ltd.

THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION: EARLY "BRITISH PORTRAITS."



"UNKNOWN WOMAN," ATTRIBUTED TO HANS EWORTH (ACTIVE 1540-1573). (Oil on wood; 11½ by 8½ ins.) (Colonel P. R. Davies-Cooke.)



"HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES," A FINE PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST OF THE PROMISING ELDEST SON OF JAMES I, WHO DIED IN 1612. FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO ISAAC OLIVER. (Oil on canvas; 92½ by 88 ins.) (The Hon. Clive Pearson, Parham, Sussex.)



"THOMAS HOWARD, 3RD DUKE OF NORFOLK," BY HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER (1497-1543). THE DUKE WEARS THE COLLAR AND GEORGE OF THE GARTER. (Oil on wood; 31½ by 24 ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"SIR HENRY HOBART," BY DANIEL MYTENS (c. 1590-1647). PAINTED IN 1624. (Oil on canvas; 51½ by 41 ins.) (The National Trust—Blickling Hall.)



"EDWARD FILMER," BY CORNELIUS JOHNSON (1593-1661). SIGNED AND DATED: C. J. FECIT/1630. (Oil on panel; 30½ by 24½ ins.) (A. Wilson Filmer, Esq.)



"VAUGHAN OF TRETOWER, WARDEN OF THE MARCHES," BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. (Oil on wood; 38½ by 28½ ins.) (Major J. R. H. Harley.)



"CHARLES II," ATTRIBUTED TO SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). THE PRINCE WAS ABOUT ELEVEN WHEN THIS WAS PAINTED. (Oil on canvas; 62½ by 43 ins.) (Major Hereward Wake.)



"ELIZABETH LITTLETON, LADY WILLOUGHBY," ONE OF A PAIR BY GEORGE GOWER (WORKING FROM BEFORE 1573; d. 1596). (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 25 ins.) (Lord Middleton.)



"THOMAS WENTWORTH, 1ST EARL OF STRAFFORD," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK. PROBABLY PAINTED IN 1636. (Oil on canvas; 53½ by 43 ins.) (John Wyndham, Esq.)

Under the title "British Portraits," this year's Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, which is due to open at Burlington House to-day (November 24), ranges over more than four centuries. It includes paintings, drawings, sculpture and miniatures both by British artists and by artists of other schools when showing British sitters. On this page we show a selection of the paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Hans Eworth was a Flemish artist working in England, and his sitters included many in the Court circle.

Holbein the Younger was in England from 1526-28 and from 1531 until his death in 1543. His magnificent portraits of Henry VIII and his court—several of which are in this exhibition—laid the foundation of great portraiture in this country. Both Mytens and Johnson spent considerable periods in England, as, of course, did van Dyck, who became official painter to Charles I. George Gower, who was English-born, was appointed sergeant-painter in oils for life to Queen Elizabeth in 1584.

AT THE R.A.: 18TH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES.



"A CHILD WITH A DOG," A CHARMING EARLY PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). PAINTED IN ABOUT 1748. (Oil on canvas; 50½ by 40 ins.) (Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Ltd.)



"MR. AND MRS. THOMAS COLTMAN," BY JOSEPH WRIGHT (OF DERBY), A.R.A. (1734-1797). PAINTED C. 1769. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (Charles Rogers-Coltman, Esq.)



"SIR FRANCIS DASHWOOD AT HIS MOCK DEVOTIONS," BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). THE FACE PEERING THROUGH THE HALO IS SAID TO BE LORD SANDWICH. (Oil on canvas; 48 by 34½ ins.) (Viscount Boyle.)



"MARY, COUNTESS HOWE," A MAGNIFICENT WORK BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (Oil on canvas; 96 by 60 ins.) (The Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood.)



"KATHERINE, COUNTESS OF MORTON," A DELICATE PORTRAIT BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 24½ ins.) (The Earl of Haddington.)



"GEORGE, 2ND LORD VERNON," A FINE GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAIT WHICH WAS IN AN AMERICAN COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas; 97 by 59½ ins.) (Lent anonymously.)



"LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. (1756-1823). PAINTED IN 1795. (Oil on canvas; 49 by 40 ins.) (Miss Dundas of Arniston.)



"MATTHEW PRIOR," BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER (1649-1723). SIGNED AND DATED, 1700. (Oil on canvas; 54½ by 40½ ins.) (Trinity College, Cambridge.)



"SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON," BY NICOLAS DE LARGILLIERE (1656-1746). (Oil on canvas; 55 by 42½ ins.) (Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt.)

The eighteenth century undoubtedly saw the greatest era of portrait painting in this country. There is a wide selection of the work of these outstanding years to be seen in the exhibition of "British Portraits" at Burlington House. Though Kneller is more closely associated with the preceding century, his

fine portrait of Matthew Prior was, in fact, painted in the opening year of the eighteenth century. The artist has shown his sitter without a wig, and thus achieves an effect well in advance of the style of his time. The Largillière portrait is a magnificent example by this French artist.

AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: 18TH-CENTURY PORTRAITS AND CONVERSATION PIECES.



"THE ROOKES-LEEDS FAMILY," BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711-1787). (Oil on canvas; 36 by 49 ins.) (Major and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan.)



"JOHN, 14TH LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, AND HIS FAMILY," BY JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1724/5-1810). (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 49½ ins.) Lord Willoughby de Broke.)



"THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND," BY DANIEL GARDNER (1750-1805), A SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT PAINTER ENCOURAGED BY REYNOLDS. (Pastel; 20 by 16 ins.) (The Duke of Buccleuch.)



"THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND WATCHING HORSES EXERCISING," BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806). (Oil on canvas; 54 by 80 ins.) (The Duke of Richmond.)



"RICHARD SUETT AS 'DICKY GOSSIP,'" BY SAMUEL DE WILDE (1748-1832). SIGNED AND DATED, 1797. (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 22½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



"CAPTAIN SIR HYDE PARKER, KT.," BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (Oil on canvas; 87½ by 57½ ins.) (The late Sir William S. Hyde Parker's collection at Long Melford Hall.)



"VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE," BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830). HIS FIRST IMPORTANT R.A. EXHIBIT. (Oil on canvas; 95 by 57 ins.) (Lieut.-Commander C. Windham.)

In making their selection for this year's "British Portraits" Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy the organisers have brought together over 800 works, of which the great majority have not been seen at Burlington House before. Those who may feel disappointed at not finding particular "old friends" in the exhibition will be amply compensated by discovering a host

of new treasures, such as the important early Lawrence shown here, which has apparently not been in an exhibition since its original showing at the Royal Academy in 1789. As well as being especially rich in portrait painters the eighteenth century saw the work of a number of great portrait sculptors—notably Roubiliac and Nollekens—who are well represented in this exhibition.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES.



"CHICHESTER, LORD CARLINGFORD," BY JAMES TISSOT (1836-1902), WHO CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1871. SIGNED AND DATED, 1871. (Oil on canvas; 74½ by 47½ ins.) (The Examination Schools, Oxford.)



"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE," BY SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, R.A. (1842-1921). PAINTED AT CLAYDON IN 1884. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 25 ins.) (Ralph B. Verney, Esq.)



"DORELIA AT TOULOUSE," BY GWEN JOHN (1876-1939), SISTER OF AUGUSTUS JOHN. THE SITTER IS AUGUSTUS JOHN'S SECOND WIFE. (Oil on canvas; 21½ by 12½ ins.) (Mrs. Augustus John.)



"THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA," BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841). (Oil on canvas; 60 by 48 ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.)



"THREE DAUGHTERS OF DEAN LIDDELL," BY SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND. ALICE, THE ORIGINAL "ALICE" OF LEWIS CARROLL'S BOOKS, IS ON THE RIGHT. (Oil on canvas; 35½ by 29½ ins.) (Mrs. G. Liddell.)



"THE EARL SPENCER," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A. (1878-1931), ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF HIS TIME. THIS WAS EXHIBITED IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OF 1916. (Oil on canvas; 45 by 37½ ins.) (Earl Spencer.)



"QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE," BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. (1802-1873). PAINTED IN 1866. (Oil on canvas; 57 by 82 ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"THE SITWELL FAMILY," BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A. (1856-1925). PAINTED IN LONDON IN 1900. (Oil on canvas; 67 by 76 ins.) (Sir Osbert Sitwell, Bt.)

The portrait painter—more than any other artist—relies on patronage, and as the great prosperity of the nineteenth century was accompanied by an immense demand for portraits this era was rich in portrait painters. Despite the advent of the photograph, our own century has continued to provide wide scope for the portraitist in this country. The Winter Exhibition

of "British Portraits" includes a wide survey of nineteenth-century portraiture, and proceeds through the first half of this century to show the work of a number of living artists, such as Augustus John, Graham Sutherland, Pietro Annigoni, and Sir Jacob Epstein. This interesting exhibition is to continue at Burlington House until March 3.

THE 1956 U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: FOOD LEFT BY SCOTT AND SHACKLETON FORTY YEARS AGO FOUND INTACT.



ANTARCTIC STABLES: THE ACCOMMODATION WHICH SCOTT PROVIDED FOR THE SIBERIAN HORSES WHICH HE TOOK WITH HIM TO THE ANTARCTIC. THE HORSES PROVED UNSUCCESSFUL IN THE DEEP SNOW.



A VIEW OF ONE OF THE CABINS ERECTED BY COMMANDER SCOTT ON THE EXPEDITION WHICH LEFT ENGLAND IN 1901, WHEN HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON AND DR. WILSON.



A HUT AT CAPE ROYD, ON ROSS ISLAND: THIS WAS THE MAIN BASE FOR SHACKLETON'S EXPEDITION, WHICH LEFT NEW ZEALAND IN 1908 AND WHICH CARRIED OUT VALUABLE WORK IN PIONEERING A WAY TO THE SOUTH POLE.



THE CARCASS OF A SHEEP IN ONE OF SCOTT'S 1902 HUTS, FOUND STILL WRAPPED IN ITS ORIGINAL MEAT MUSLIN AND ALTHOUGH DEHYDRATED STILL PRESERVED BY THE GREAT COLD AFTER FIFTY-FOUR YEARS.

The United States 1956 Antarctic Expedition has already produced two interesting results. A party has flown to the South Pole and many of the huts and supplies left by Scott and Shackleton during their various expeditions have been found. The first picture on this page is a reminder of the progress that has been made since Scott's day. One of the methods of drawing sledges tried out by Scott was to use Siberian horses. These, however, like the primitive motor vehicles also used by Scott, proved a failure in the deep, granular snow, which has the consistency of granular sugar and is known as névé. The American and the British expeditions which are now being made are using both aircraft and various types of tractor, which are far more reliable

than Scott's horses. Even the modern tractors, however, are not altogether safe in the frozen wastes of the Antarctic. They can still be rendered either temporarily or permanently useless by the deep crevasses which lie hidden under the surface snow. The extreme cold of the Antarctic produces some peculiar effects, as the two lower pictures show. In the left hand of these two pictures can be seen tons of food, left by Shackleton, in perfect preservation, as was proved when members of the American party drank some of the cocoa and ate some of the cheese and jam. The sheep, bottom right, was also found in good condition, although dehydrated. Another effect of the extreme cold is that, paradoxically, it is a complete cure for the common cold.



AS LEFT BY SHACKLETON 48 YEARS AGO: A HUT INTERIOR WITH PORTRAITS OF EDWARD VII AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

It is now some 200 years since the first recorded efforts to discover the great southern continent of the Antarctic took place. The explorers nowadays have many scientific and mechanical aids which their predecessors lacked. They will be equipped with aircraft, radio and radar sets, electrical devices for detecting crevasses below the snow surface and giant snow tractors. But in spite of modern aids the conditions near the South Pole are none the less hazardous and difficult, and the unexplored continent still offers a formidable and exciting challenge. The first deliberate attempt to explore the Antarctic was made in 1739 by a French naval officer, Pierre Bouvet. Before this, ships had only entered Antarctic waters when blown off their true course.

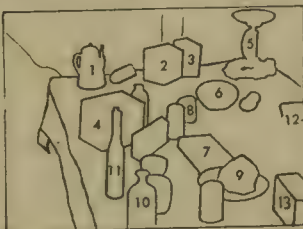
From the eighteenth century onwards a series of expeditions was made, including one by James Cook, who in 1773 crossed the Antarctic Circle for the first time in history. Shackleton and Scott are two well-known British explorers of this region, and Scott's party just failed to be first at the South Pole in 1912, having been preceded by Amundsen. Shackleton accompanied Scott on his first expedition in 1901-1904, and went on further expeditions in 1908, 1914 and 1921. The hut in the above picture is situated at Cape Royd on Ross Island in the Antarctic, and was part of the main base for Shackleton's 1908 expedition. On the wall is a picture of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.



PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY NATURE'S DEEP-FREEZE SINCE 1917 : FOOD LEFT BY SHACKLETON IN AN ANTARCTIC HUT.

ONE of the most important aspects of Polar exploration is the setting up of supply bases and the provision of ample supplies for the explorers. Lack of sufficient supplies, combined with exceptionally severe weather conditions, led to the deaths of Scott and his party in 1912, and on at least one occasion Shackleton was in danger of supplies running out. The present American and British expeditions have been carrying out preparations already for a considerable period. Last year there was the American "Operation Deepfreeze" which did much

[Continued opposite.]



[Continued.] valuable reconnaissance work in the Antarctic and helped to prepare the way for the main expedition this year. and a British party has been established in the Antarctic since last spring. Evidence of the earlier expeditions of Scott and Shackleton consists mostly of their base huts and supplies. The key to some of the objects in the picture above is as follows: (1) coffee; (2, 3 and 4) biscuits; (5) scale and cakes; (6) potatoes; (7) confectionery; (8) bread; (9) cheese; (10) photo. chemical; (11) wine; (12) camera; (13) loaf of bread.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON the first day of October we were having tea in the sunroom, facing south-west. Through the open window I was watching a group of house-martins hawking insects, well up in the sky, when I suddenly became aware of a solitary bat coming straight towards the house. I called my daughter's attention to this, only to be told that she had remarked a few seconds before to her mother that she could hear a bat. And it is this which makes the episode worth recounting.

The evening was fine but the sky was overcast. The bat had appeared over a row of tall poplars, the height of which is known to us, as well as their distance from the house. It was two hours before sunset, a time at which few bats are likely to be about. As soon as I heard of my

BATS ROVING AND HOMING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

a solitary bat was in view. No other was seen passing over that area that evening until about sunset, when bats of other species came out for the usual late-evening forays.

We kept watch the next evening in the hope of checking these observations, but nothing more was seen of this or any other noticeably large bats. On the third evening, my daughter heard some bats again, at approximately the same time, and called me into the garden. This time five large bats, presumably of the same species, were circling overhead, at 90 to 100 ft., very plainly

visible against a clear-blue sky, and looking, I thought, uncommonly large even for noctules, but that may have been a trick of the very clear visibility. This time they were feeding, flying in wide circles of about half-a-mile radius, sometimes bunching together, but for the most part flying in their separate wide circles. This continued for ten minutes, after which, one by one, they made off in a north-easterly direction. We had not seen noctules over the house before, and, in spite of watching for them, have not seen them since. The sounds they made this time were described by my daughter as of two kinds: one she likened to the sound made by tapping two iron nails together; the other she described as a shrill piping.

It is not possible, within the scope of these very limited observations, to comment more than superficially upon the function or significance of these sounds. It is well known that bats use ultrasonic cries, inaudible to the human ear, in a process of echo-location, both for locating prey and for avoiding obstacles. They also use other cries, and these may be audible to us at very close range. One, a shrill cry, is audible to the young human

ear, over short ranges, of 20, 30 or even, perhaps, 50 yards, according to the efficiency of the hearer. Thus, on succeeding evenings I carried out tests which showed my daughter capable of hearing serotines at anything up to 50 yards, and pipistrelles at lesser ranges. These distances are, however, well short of the quarter-mile minimum over which the noctule was heard.

Many bats have very regular daily habits. The more one watches these animals, evening after evening, and also year after year, the more it seems probable that the smaller of them keep to well-defined territories. I could mention a dozen places within half a mile of my house where one can always see a small bat—the species varying with the situation—ranging over a fairly well-defined area. This, no doubt, is a commonplace experience. The larger bats are less predictable. There is one group of serotines which hunts near my house on most evenings during the summer, sometimes in a compact company, at other times scattered over a hundred-yard

radius. Often, so it appears, they migrate temporarily to another hunting-ground.

Noctules, which are bigger than serotines, range also over wider areas still. Recent investigations, in Germany, have shown that ringed individuals moved up to 470 miles from their winter to their summer quarters. It is also clear that they may, in addition, range over distances of several miles from one day to the next. We might almost regard some of the smaller bats as sedentary and the noctules as rovers. Possibly the calls heard over a distance of a quarter of a mile by a human ear will be picked up by the more sensitive bat's ear over much greater distance. In any event, it seems reasonable to suggest that such a long-distance call has the function of relating an individual of a group to the rest of its congeners, that it is, in fact, a recognition signal used by roving bats to keep in touch one with the other.

Having indulged in that much speculation, we may carry it further. The solitary noctule seen on that first day of October must have been separated by one or, possibly, several miles from its companions. Did it continue calling until its cries were received by another noctule, which was then stimulated to respond in kind, thus putting the two in touch? Or can we suppose that companions are located, using this cry, by long-distance echo-location? It will probably be a long time before such questions can be answered. In the same way it is not easy to tell what means are used by bats in homing. The noctule that travelled 470 miles to its summer quarters almost certainly returned this same distance, back to the winter quarters it had previously left. Homing has been demonstrated in other bats, as well.

"Visual-animals," like ourselves, find our way back by sight, using a compound of short-distance



ONE OF THE LARGE BATS OF EUROPE: THE NOCTULE, WHICH IN ITS DAILY FEEDING MAY RANGE OVER VERY WIDE AREAS. SOME RECENT INVESTIGATIONS, IN GERMANY, HAVE SHOWN THAT RINGED INDIVIDUALS MOVED UP TO 470 MILES FROM THEIR WINTER TO THEIR SUMMER QUARTERS.

daughter's comment, however, I searched the sky and the surroundings of the house, with field-glasses as well as the naked eye, for any sign of another bat, but could see none. My daughter also assures me she followed the course of the sounds and this tallied with the course followed by the bat. There have been many occasions in the past when I have had first-hand evidence of her ability to hear a bat when I could not, to point to where the sounds were emanating, and later to see the bat come into view. On these other occasions, her reception of the sounds was at short range. On this occasion, taking all factors into consideration, she must have picked up the calls at a distance of a quarter of a mile, on a conservative reckoning, from a bat flying at 130 to 150 ft. high, through a buzz of conversation and the noise of a stream of traffic just beyond the garden hedge. She described the call as "pip-pip-pip," which I timed, as she imitated it, to be two calls a second. The bat had the appearance of a noctule—one cannot be sure of the identification at that height—and it flew on a direct course to the north-east and disappeared into the haze of the sky at perhaps half a mile or so beyond the house.

There are two remarkable things about this observation: the low rate per second of the calls and the distance over which they were heard. The event was remarkable, also, for the fact that



A WIDE-RANGING BAT: THE NOCTULE, WHICH IS BIGGER THAN THE SEROTINE, AND HAS A STRONG, RAPID AND VERY HIGH FLIGHT. BATS WILL "HOME" AND DR. BURTON POSTULATES THAT THEY HAVE AN ECHO-LOCATION MEMORY COMPARABLE TO OUR VISUAL MEMORY.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

and long-distance vision, coupled with memory. Although long-distance travel for man or bat is more complicated than this, there could be in the simple homing of the noctule a substitution of "echo-location memories" comparable to our visual memories, and its long-distance cries may be part of this mechanism.

AT REGENT'S PARK: A PAIR OF "THREATENED" MAMMALS; AND A GERENUK.



(ABOVE.) A VALUABLE GIFT FROM POLAND: A PAIR OF RARE EUROPEAN BISON—ANIMALS THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION—WHICH HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE FORESTRY COMMISSION AND ARE NOW IN THE CARE OF THE LONDON ZOO.

ON November 13, in a short ceremony at the London Zoo, the Polish Ambassador, Mr. Milnikiel, formally presented two European bison to Britain. The animals, which were a gift to the Forestry Commission, are now in the care of the London Zoo. After a period of display at Regent's Park they may be transferred to Whipsnade. It is hoped that in time a herd may be established there, for the European bison is one of the rarest mammals in the world and has only escaped extinction by the narrowest of margins. At present its total population is fewer than 200 beasts, so that this gift of a healthy young pair is a most important one. The European bison, wisent, or zubr has been the largest land animal since the extermination of the aurochs at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The European bison is a forest animal and resembles the American bison or buffalo, but is less heavily built and rather less shaggy. Each individual animal, recognised as pure bred, is registered by an international society, created for the special purpose of preserving the bison. Among other arrivals at the London Zoo is a gerenuk, or giraffe-necked African antelope, an animal which is rarely seen in this country. The London Zoo has only had two other specimens before. The present specimen, a male, recently completed its quarantine period. It has an infra-red lamp in its house beneath which it delights to spend much of its time.

(RIGHT.) ENJOYING A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SUN: A GERENUK, OR GIRAFFE-NECKED AFRICAN ANTELOPE, A RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE LONDON ZOO, BASKING BENEATH AN INFRA-RED LAMP.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ON more than one occasion I have discussed on this page a number of double-flowered peach bushes which I raised from stones taken from ripe peaches from a tree of the variety "Clara Meyer." In fact, I am afraid that some of my readers may be becoming a little tired of hearing about them. Sorry. But I do not remember having mentioned a purple-leaved peach tree which I raised at the same time as the "Clara Meyers." That was fourteen or fifteen years ago. In a Surrey garden I was given a number of "Clara Meyer" peaches and one peach gathered from a specimen of the purple-leaved variety. The "Clara Meyers" were on the small side, with pale complexions, and without being first-class quality were quite well worth eating. The trees that I raised from the stones all came perfectly true to type—that is, indistinguishable from their mother "Clara Meyer," except that being on their own roots, they never send up a plague of plum suckers, as so often happens with grafted peach trees.

Each spring my home-raised "Clara Meyer" trees—or perhaps I should call them bushes, 10-ft. bushes—are a most glorious sight, smothered from top to bottom with their clear, pink semi-double blossoms. My home-raised purple-leaved peach, on the other hand, has never produced either a single peach or a solitary blossom, and it has remained much smaller than the "Clara Meyers." It is a nice bushy specimen, 5 or 6 ft. high, and is growing in a mixed shrub and herbaceous border. It is a handsome thing, with its elegant, narrow, willow-like leaves the deep purple—or, rather, crimson—of the well-known *Prunus pissardi*. Its slender twigs and branches are valuable for gathering for the house, to use as a background to, or in mixture with, certain cut-flowers. But unless one precaution is taken the leaves are apt to wilt and flag very quickly. The precaution is simple. Immerse the branches in water for a few hours before arranging them in vases. After plumping up with a long drink in this way they last well. I discussed this matter of raising the purple-leaved peach from stones with a tree-and-shrub nurseryman friend, who told me that from his, the nursery-business, point of view, these seed-raised specimens are unsatisfactory. Most people, he told me, want a standard specimen, and they want it, moreover, to flower and to fruit. So be it. But as a foliage-shrub of medium and manageable size a seedling purple peach is delightful. And, oh happy thought, what a perfect host it would be for one of the large-flowered hybrid clematis to ramble over. Or even two or three of them, especially the lovely lavender and blue ones, such as "Lady Northcliffe" and "Lasurstern." Their growth is relatively light, and as they would be pruned hard back each spring, they need never seriously damage the peach tree. How slow-witted of me never to have thought of this plan before!

However, I shall be able to put the matter right, having a batch of fifty or so seedling clematis plants all sitting in 3-in. pots, and waiting to be planted out. I raised them from seeds collected from a number of different large-flowered varieties. I was given the seeds, and they

PEACH AND CLEMATIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

took just about a year to germinate. Having sown them in a pan I managed to forget about them (almost) until one day early this summer I found them coming up strongly. It is essential to give these large-flowered clematis hybrids some sort of assistance in becoming airborne, for airborne they must be if they are to look their lovely carefree best. Training them out meticulously to wires on a flat wall seems to me to be a foolish waste of time in producing a sadly artificial effect. But if there are some not-too-restricted climbers on the wall, roses, vines, or forsythias, shall we say, over which the clematis trailers may fling themselves, the great, flat blossoms will float with all the appearance of being airborne instead of crucified on wires on the wall. But a shrub such as the purple-leaved peach would make the perfect air hostess for the hybrid clematis. And so, too, would specimens of *Prunus pissardi*, with

to me as a stone, or, rather, several stones, sent by a correspondent in New Zealand. In writing to me he had mentioned the "black peach," as making excellent jam. Only one came up, and that, at six or seven years old, is now a healthy, hearty bush a trifle over 6 ft. high. This spring it produced half a dozen or so blossoms, small-petalled and quite undecorative. Having set one peach, the tree changed its mind and dropped the poor miserable thing—in infancy. So now I must wait at least another year to know what sort of a thing the black peach is. Its leaves are a normal green.

There are three plants in my garden which, having flowered profusely and continuously ever since early summer, are still producing blossoms to coincide with the first Christmas roses. Pent-

stemon "Garnet" soon grows into a prosperous bush, a yard through and a couple of feet tall, and its spikes of cheerful ruby-red, medium-sized blossoms go on and on almost without ceasing. I know few such industrious all-the-time-and-overtime hardy plants.

Another equally busy plant is a hybrid potentilla called "Roxana." What its origin or parentage was I do not know, but it is a most charming hardy herbaceous perennial for the front of the flower border or for the cutting garden. The habit of "Roxana" is sprawling, with 2-ft. much-branched stems, carrying quantities of buttercup-sized strawberry-like blossoms of a rich, warm colour most difficult to define. Perhaps ripe strawberry (fruit) suffused with apricot and then intensified may come somewhere near it; and at the base of each petal is a darker zone with a central boss of dark-coloured anthers, which finally split open and show their golden pollen. *Potentilla* "Roxana" is still in flower in the open garden, and there is a small vase of the blossoms before me as I write—during the first week in November. Owing to its sprawling habit it is best to plant a group of three or four or five specimens of this admirable potentilla close together, so that they may sprawl onto one another's laps, so to speak, and give a false impression of being dwarfish, and exceptionally prolific. *Potentilla* "Roxana" may be raised from seeds, and the plant breeds perfectly true.

My third all-summer plant is the shrubby *Potentilla arbuscula*, of which I have written more than once and shall no doubt write again—many times, for it is one of the most attractive and free and continuous-flowering small shrubs that I know. There are two or three of its big strawberry-like flowers—rich, bland butter-yellow—in the vase with the *P. "Roxanas,"* and they make a delightful couple. *Potentilla arbuscula* makes a low-spreading bush, 3 or 4 ft. across and a couple of feet high. It is excellent for the large rock-garden, or for a choice position in the shrub border, and one of its great virtues is that in spite of the enormous numbers of blossoms that it produces, there is never any suggestion of untidy dead flowers hanging about on the bush long after they are wanted.



"A MOST GLORIOUS SIGHT, SMOTHERED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM WITH . . . CLEAR, PINK SEMI-DOUBLE BLOSSOMS": THE DOUBLE PINK PEACH, *PRUNUS PERSICA*, VAR. "CLARA MEYER," FROM WHICH MR. ELLIOTT HAS RAISED A NUMBER OF TRUE-TO-TYPE SEEDLINGS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

all the advantage of being a truly striking colour background.

I do not seem to remember eating the peach from the stone of which I grew my young tree. Perhaps I found it so nasty as to be best forgotten. But I rather think it was small-to-medium in size, and dark reddish in colour. Another peach bush in my garden, which I raised from seed, came

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PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



KILLED IN EGYPT:
M. JEAN ROY.

On November 11, M. Jean Roy, said to be a photographer representing the French journal *Paris Match*, was killed when the Egyptians opened fire on the jeep in which he was travelling. The shooting occurred while the jeep was in no-man's land, near Kantara, in the vicinity of the cease-fire line. A burial service was held at El Cap.



ALSO KILLED IN EGYPT:
MR. D. SEYMOUR.

Mr. David Seymour, head of a New York photographic agency, was also killed when the jeep in which he was travelling with M. Jean Roy was fired upon by the Egyptians on November 11, near Kantara. The announcement of the incident was made by the French Defence Ministry.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR IN MOSCOW:
MR. D. P. REILLY.

Mr. D. P. Reilly, who until recently was Minister at the British Embassy in Paris, has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Moscow, in succession to Sir William Hayter, it was announced on Nov. 14. Mr. Reilly, who was educated at Winchester and New College, and in 1933 won a fellowship at All Souls College, is forty-seven.



NEW LIBERAL WHIP:
MR. DONALD WADE.

Mr. Donald Wade has been appointed Liberal Whip in the House of Commons, in succession to Mr. Grimond, who was recently elected leader of the Liberal Party, it was announced on November 12. He has been Liberal M.P. for Huddersfield West since 1950, and is also a solicitor.



THE NEW Q.M.G.: GENERAL SIR NEVIL BROWNJOHN.

General Sir Nevil Brownjohn, lately Chief Staff Officer, Ministry of Defence, has been appointed Quarter-Master General to the Forces, from December 1956. He succeeds the late General Sir Maurice Chilton. General Brownjohn, who is fifty-nine, was Vice-Quarter-Master-General from 1949-50. He is Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers.



A WORD OF WARNING TO THE RUSSIANS FROM GENERAL GRUENTHER, WHO IS RETIRING FROM N.A.T.O. General Gruenther, who is this month retiring as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and will be succeeded by General Norstad, said in a farewell Press conference at his Paris headquarters on November 13 that it would be suicidal for the Russians to use guided missiles against Western Europe, as they had threatened, as this would meet with instant retaliation.



AN ESCAPE FROM HUNGARY BY LOCOMOTIVE: ISTVAN KASSAI (RIGHT) WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AND THE ENGINE WHICH HE DROVE INTO AUSTRIA. During the week-end of November 17-18 Istvan Kassai, a Hungarian engine-driver, escaped from Hungary with his wife, his two children and his sister and brother-in-law by driving a locomotive across the border to the Austrian town of Jennersdorf.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: PRINCE WAIHAYAKON, WITH HIS DAUGHTER. On Nov. 12 Prince Wan Waithayakon of Thailand, the new President of the United Nations General Assembly, arrived in New York with his daughter, Princess Wiwan Worawan, who is her father's personal secretary. Prince Wan, a cousin of the King of Thailand, was educated at Marlborough and Balliol, and has twice previously been a candidate for the Presidency.



A WELL-KNOWN LECTURER: THE LATE DR. WINIFRED CULLIS. Dr. Winifred Cullis, Professor Emeritus of Physiology in the University of London, and vice-president of the British Federation of University Women, of which she was a founder, died suddenly on Nov. 13 at the age of eighty-one. Dr. Cullis lectured on physiology and equality for women and on many other subjects.



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS SHANAZ, DAUGHTER OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, AND MR. ARDESHTIR ZAHEDI, SON OF A FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA. On November 13 the engagement of Princess Shanaz to Mr. Ardeshtir Zahedi, an aide to the Shah and son of General Zahedi, the Persian Prime Minister who succeeded Mr. Musaddeq, was formally announced in Teheran. No definite date for the marriage has yet been fixed.



A ROYAL DEATH: EX-QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE. Ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece, seen in a photograph taken at the time of her marriage, who was the Consort of the late King George II, King of the Hellenes, died at Cannes on November 14, aged sixty-two. The eldest daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania, she married in 1921. The marriage was dissolved in 1935.

WELCOMED TO ENGLAND: THE FIRST HUNGARIAN REFUGEES TO ARRIVE HERE.



WITH HER DOLL HELD TIGHTLY IN HER ARMS: A SMALL HUNGARIAN REFUGEE AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT AFTER HER FLIGHT FROM VIENNA.



AT AN L.C.C. HOSTEL IN WEST LONDON: SIX-YEAR-OLD EVA, STILL BEWILDERED BY EVENTS, MAKES FRIENDS WITH A LONDON POLICEMAN.



IN SAFE HANDS: A SMALL HUNGARIAN REFUGEE SURVEYS A STRANGE NEW WORLD FROM THE ARMS OF A RED CROSS WORKER AT BLACKBUSHE.



WHEN LANGUAGE WAS NO BARRIER: A LONDON CHILD (LEFT) GIVING A DOLL TO SIX-YEAR-OLD EVA AFTER HER ARRIVAL FROM VIENNA.



LEAVING A LONDON RECEPTION CENTRE FOR A RELATIVE'S HOME: TWO LITTLE HUNGARIAN BOYS WHO WERE ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR PARENTS.



HELD BY A MEMBER OF THE W.V.S.: ONE OF THE SMALLEST REFUGEES IN THE FIRST LARGE PARTY TO ARRIVE IN ENGLAND FROM VIENNA.



TALKING TO RED CROSS WORKERS AT BLACKBUSHE: A HUNGARIAN REFUGEE, A SICK MAN, WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER ON HIS KNEE.



ARRIVING TO LIVE A NEW LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY: A SMALL REFUGEE FINDS A PAIR OF WELCOMING ARMS AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT.



AT LONDON AIRPORT: A HUNGARIAN MOTHER WITH HER BABY. THEY WERE TWO OF THE FIRST FIVE REFUGEES TO REACH ENGLAND.

Two men and two women and an eighteen-month-old baby were in the first official party of refugees from Hungary which landed at London Airport from Vienna on November 16. The refugees, whose names were kept secret for fears of Soviet retaliation against relatives still in Hungary, spent a night in London before flying on to new homes in Canada. On the following day, November 17, the first large party of Hungarian refugees arrived in London after flying from Vienna. Among these refugees, over sixty in number,

were family groups of professional people from towns near the Austrian border. They were welcomed at Blackbushe Airport by Lord Mancroft, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office, members of the Red Cross and other organisations, and relatives who were already in this country. The largest family group numbered eleven, ranging in age from a six-year-old girl to her fifty-eight-year-old grandmother. A regular Red Cross refugees' airlift of three aircraft a day started on November 19.

HUNGARIAN AND OLYMPIC SIDELIGHTS; AND ROYAL OCCASIONS, FORMAL AND INFORMAL.



THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE AT MELBOURNE: AN AERIAL VIEW AS THE BUILDINGS WERE NEARING COMPLETION, BUT BEFORE LANDSCAPING AND PLANTING.



THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE IN READINESS FOR THE GAMES: THE CEREMONY ON OCTOBER 29, WHEN THE AUSTRALIAN AND OLYMPIC FLAGS WERE BROKEN DURING THE INAUGURATION.

Although the sixteenth Olympic Games, due to be opened on November 22, lay under a cloud of international tension, which had affected the competitors as well, Melbourne was already crowded; and the Olympic Village voted even better than that at Helsinki.



BRITISH JOURNALISTS WHO SAW THE MURDER OF HUNGARY ESCAPE TO AUSTRIA: (L. TO R.) MR. L. LEDERER (*OBSERVER*), MR. R. PRESTON (*THE TIMES*), MR. B. KIDEL (*NEWS CHRONICLE*) AND MISS E. IRONS (*EVENING STANDARD*). When the Russians made their attack on Budapest on November 4, a number of British journalists took refuge in the British Legation. Exit permits were granted on November 11.



HUNGARIAN OLYMPIC ATHLETES, SHOWING GRIEF AT THE DISASTERS WHICH HAVE STRUCK THEIR COUNTRY, ARRIVING IN MELBOURNE FOR THE OLYMPIAD. Hungarian athletes had high hopes of distinction in the sixteenth Olympic Games, for which they arrived at the very time that their country was being overrun by the Russian tanks. On October 12, at the Olympic Village, some of them tore down the Hungarian Communist flag.



A ROYAL WALK WITH THE DOGS: H.M. THE QUEEN AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TAKING WITH THEM THREE CORGIS AND TWO SEALYHAMS DURING A VISIT TO THE STABLES, DURING THEIR STAY AT SANDINGHAM, NOVEMBER 15-19.



HER MAJESTY BEING GREETED BY DR. DON, WHEN SHE WENT TO THE ABBEY FOR THE INSTALLATION OF KNIGHTS OF THE BATH. On November 15, the Queen, as Sovereign of the Order, attended the installation of eight Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in King Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The Duke of Gloucester presided.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BRIDLED JOY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT says of the version of a Lope de Vega play with which he has opened his London season, that it has "all the sensual vigour of the sixteenth century combined with the elegance of the Renaissance and handled with the unbridled joy of the *Commedia dell' Arte*."

It was the phrase "unbridled joy" on the Palace programme that made me reflect again on the fault of Noël Coward's comedy, "Nude With Violin," at the Globe Theatre a few nights before. One would have said that Coward had a theme to stir him. He has always detested pomposity. An anecdote of a famous painter (so-called), who had never painted a picture, and who had hoped that the posthumous disclosure might deflate bogus connoisseurs, sounded like a blank canvas for his most exuberant satire. Before going to the Globe I remembered the book of parodies called "Spangled Unicorn"—a good companion title for "Nude With Violin"—in which, long ago, the young Coward had laughed at the extravagant poets of the *avant-garde*. His verses were cunning fakes. An aunt of mine, with no feeling for the anarchistic modern idiom, took up the volume unwittingly. Horrified by what seemed to her to be the newest enormities, she read to me a poem that began, I believe:

Slap the cat and count the spinach,
Aunt Matilda's gone to Greenwich.

I wish I could remember the rest.

If Coward had been in his youthful spinach-counting vein when he settled down to "Nude With Violin," all might have been well. But he was not. The comedy, as it comes to us, slithers along the surface. It is as if we are skidding across the highly-waxed floor of some art gallery, almost too occupied in keeping our balance to notice what is on the walls. Or shall we say that Coward has tickled his theme with a feather when he should have used rapier and dagger, and used them without remorse?

The allegedly great artist Paul Sorodin is dead. Connoisseurs, led by the portentous critic Friedland, have praised and prized every work with his signature: the masterpieces, in varying degrees, of the Farouche Period, the Circular Period, the Jamaican Period. Now that he is dead, his long-forgotten family—for you do not remain with your family on the sea-coast of Bohemia—is in Paris, with Friedland, considering the estate. Sorodin, from the grave, is laughing. Paradoxically a hater of the fake, and of false connoisseurship (Potter, where art thou?), he has left with his valet Sebastien a letter that tells all. He had never done even a fragment of the work that had been trumpeted preposterously into fame.

Who did? We soon know. In succession there arrive a dubious Russian Princess (the Farouche Period), a former chorus-girl (the Circular), and a Seventh-Day Adventist (the Jamaican). And, at the last, we have to contemplate the quite deplorable canvas, "Nude With Violin," apparently Neo-Infantilist and matter for Coward's last act. By then the dramatist's invention has withered and his wit is failing. He and his audience have to rely upon the technique, the delicately-judged timing of Sir John Gielgud as the not very admirable Sebastien, the suavely unscrupulous fellow of what he prefers to call heterogeneous ancestry, who has the entire Sorodin story (and family) in his pocket.

Gielgud, pouncing like a bland cat upon line after line not intrinsically funny, is the night's salvation. There is plenty of agreeable acting (one thinks of Kathleen Harrison, Ann Castle,

Patience Collier, Joyce Carey), and, though the text must read thinly, there is—during the first act especially—enough of the typical Coward

badinage that good speaking can stroke into life. The trouble is the play's curious lack of force and relish. Joy is bridled. Friedland, the critic, needed to be treated with downright savagery. But poor David Horne, though he is there to be mauled and though he assumes an angry bull-frog mask, has nothing to do but express inarticulate horror. The satire never bites. Moreover, Coward has not fully established in our minds a portrait of the dead Sorodin. I am not saying that the comedy is without its quick theatrical moments, and Sebastien—to whom Gielgud gives the quality of slightly rancid cream—is undeniably a character. What we must regret is a satirical idea wasted, a play that does not grow. Here Coward should have ridden into battle on his spangled unicorn.

We can be certain that Shaw would not have wasted the chance; with him joy was unbridled. "The Devil's Disciple," now at the Winter Garden, is one of his most direct plays, a splendid centenary year choice, especially as we have not met it in a major production for a long time. Here, after using delightedly most of the tricks of conventional melodrama—and using them with an exact appreciation of their effect—he leaves us with the Shavian truth that his hero is not the scapegrace with a broad romantic gesture, but the parson who moves at once, and who proves to be the real man of action. And this is the play with that gently ironic, fastidious wasp, Burgoyne, high bounty to an audience during a third act. Noël Willman, who also directs, acts Burgoyne with a sharp pleasure in the situation. Dick Dudgeon, as played by Tyrone Power, flashes into immediate life, and other performances fortify a thoroughly welcome restoration.

Students of technique will notice how tightly this piece is written. When Judith Anderson cries "Won't you say good-bye?" as her husband rushes from the house on his mission, he shouts back: "And waste another half-minute!" The line is not wasted, for, at the very end of the night, as Anderson runs in to the rescue, with seconds to spare, we can realise how that half-minute has counted.

Twice I have saluted technique in this article, and naturally I must do so again at the Palace where Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud appear with their Paris company. The first choice was a play, "Le Chien du Jardinier" (adapted by Georges Neveux from Lope de Vega), that in spite of Barrault's claims for it—quoted in my first paragraph—is nothing more than a serviceable piece of conscious artifice. But it is acted with an almost miraculous technical precision—Madeleine Renaud is all grace, Barrault is all fire—and, later in the evening, when the company, watched by busts of Molière and Shakespeare, is speaking poetry for us, we have to marvel at the way in which the French language is caressed and projected. I could easily spare the man-into-horse mime with which the night ends, but leading actors must have their whims, and Barrault is nothing if not disarming.

Alas, try as hard as I could, I was not disarmed by "The Devil Was Sick" (Fortune). Kenneth Horne is urbane, but his country-vicarage comedy is no real frame for the talents of Marie Löhr (with her contralto swell), Wyndham Goldie, and Charles Heslop. Some amusing lines apart, the comedy is always too anxiously aware of itself: joy is bridled. Finally, while applauding the resource of Doreen Aris and Richard Pasco, new to the leading parts, I cannot yet find anything to say in praise of "Look Back in Anger," transferred to the Lyric, Hammersmith.



"NOTHING MORE THAN A SERVICEABLE PIECE OF CONSCIOUS ARTIFICE. BUT IT IS ACTED WITH AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS TECHNICAL PRECISION": "LE CHIEN DU JARDINIER" (PALACE), SHOWING MADELEINE RENAUD AND PIERRE BERTIN IN A SCENE FROM THE FIRST PLAY IN THE CURRENT RENAUD-BARRAULT SEASON.



"COWARD HAS TICKLED HIS THEME WITH A FEATHER WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE USED RAPIER AND DAGGER...": "NUDE WITH VIOLIN" (GLOBE)—A SCENE FROM NOEL COWARD'S NEW COMEDY WITH (L. TO R.) JANE SORODIN (ANN CASTLE), CHERRY-MAY WATERTON (KATHLEEN HARRISON), SEBASTIEN (JOHN GIELGUD) AND FABRICE (DOUGLAS ROBINSON).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "DOUBLE IMAGE" (Savoy).—Richard Attenborough in a play to which I will return next week. (November 14.)
- "FANNY" (Drury Lane).—Musical comedy, with Robert Morley. (November 15.)
- "OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE" (Palace).—Renaud-Barrault company in Feydeau farce. (November 16.)
- "CHRISTOPHE COLOMB" (Palace).—By Paul Claudel. (November 19.)
- VARIETY (Prince of Wales's).—With Gracie Fields. (November 19.)
- "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" (Birmingham Repertory).—New version by Lance Sieveking. (November 20.)
- "INTERMEZZO" (Palace).—The Giraudoux fantasy that London knows as "The Enchanted." (November 22.)

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: POLITICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



SAFETY IN THE MIDST OF FLAMES: A NEWLY-DEVELOPED GERMAN FIRE-FIGHTING SUIT WHICH HAS AN OUTER COVERING OF ALUMINIUM FOIL TO REFLECT THE HEAT OF THE FIRE.



EVIDENCE OF THE OVERWHELMING RESPONSE TO THE APPEALS FOR THE HUNGARIAN REFUGEES: VOLUNTEERS AT A HUNGARIAN RELIEF CENTRE IN LONDON STACKING SOME OF THE CLOTHING, PARCELS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN POURING IN.



A REVISED VERSION OF THE U.S. "FLYING PLATFORM": A SCALE MODEL OF THE LATEST TYPE DEVELOPED BY HILLER HELICOPTERS. THE EARLIER "FLYING PLATFORM" WAS ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 23, 1955.



MR. GOMULKA IN MOSCOW: THE POLISH LEADER BEING WELCOMED BY (L. TO R.) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. BULGANIN AND PRESIDENT VOROSHILOV. The new Polish leader, Mr. Gomulka, and the Polish Prime Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, left Warsaw on November 14 for talks between Polish and Soviet leaders in Moscow. A joint statement expressed satisfaction in the atmosphere and results of the discussions.



IN NEW YORK: MRS. GOLDA MEIR, FOREIGN MINISTER OF ISRAEL, WITH THE HEAD OF THE ISRAELI DELEGATION TO THE UNITED NATIONS. Mrs. Golda Meir arrived at Idlewild Airport, New York, on November 14 to attend the U.N. General Assembly. Mrs. Meir was met at the airport by Mr. Abba Eban, the Israeli Ambassador to the United States and head of the Israeli delegation to the United Nations.



THE SEARCH FOR A MISSING ESSEX BOY: SOME OF THE 1200 CIVILIANS WHO HELPED THE POLICE TO COMB AN AREA NEAR ROMFORD. An appeal was made on November 17 for 200 volunteers to help in searching an area near Romford, Essex, for a three-year-old boy, Boyd Fearon, who had been last seen playing near his home on the afternoon of November 15. More than 1200 people responded but no trace was found of the missing child.



SHOT BY EOKA TERRORISTS IN CYPRUS: A WOUNDED BRITISH BUSINESS MAN LYING IN A BACK STREET NEXT TO HIS DEAD COMPANION. On November 15 two British business men in Nicosia, the head of a construction company and his partner, were shot by gunmen as they came out of their office. One was killed and the other seriously wounded. Following the usual EOKA practice, the men were shot in the back. The wounded man received emergency aid from a passing Greek Cypriot doctor.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE great merit of old stories retold is that they are interesting before you begin: whereas a new, unknown story can have only a speculative, as it were, hypothetical interest. In advance, it is in fact Nothing. "Till we Have Faces," by C. S. Lewis (Bles; 15s.) is, in advance, the story of Psyche and Cupid; and we have already some ground for being drawn to it. However, it turns out to be less the story of Psyche and Cupid than one might expect. The author (besides attaching a considerable little précis of the Greek tale) has pointed out that—"The central alteration in my version consists in making Psyche's palace invisible to normal, mortal eyes—if 'making' is not the wrong word. . . . This change, of course, brings with it a more ambivalent motive and a different character for my heroine. . . ."

"Certainly the invisible palace is a masterstroke; at once, it sets the legend, as a parable of union with the Divine, in strong daylight. But from the fictional point of view, the vital words are "my heroine." Psyche is not the protagonist. Dr. Lewis's heroine and narrator is the Ugly Sister—eldest daughter of the barbarous King of Glome, where they have a black stone named Ungit, who is a barbarous Aphrodite and a "very great goddess." There is another sister, a dumb little blonde who resents Psyche and tries to stir up Ungit. But Orual has no vulgar jealousy. Graceless and unloved, savaged or ignored by her father, she concentrates her whole being on Psyche; she has no one else, except the Greek slave who was her tutor. And on her native disgust of Ungit the Fox has superimposed his own view that gods are "the lies of poets." So, when the adored sacrifice is discovered roaming about happily in rags, in a wild valley she describes as a palace, visited by an unseen "husband" like a thief in the night—what is Orual to think? She goads Psyche to disobedience, and sends her wailing into the dark, from pure love. Or so she persuades herself at the time. It was the gods' fault; and now there is nothing left but to suppress Orual altogether, and be the veiled warrior-Queen of Glome, wise, just, fortunate and merciful, as men take to drink. Till in old age she has to confront her true face and her real motive.

So in effect, Orual is Psyche. She is the pilgrim soul; yet she is also the twopence-coloured heroine of a romance with anthropological and psychological trimmings. Which makes the story so readable. Psyche No. 1 would have been no more animating or lifelike than the fictional saint or sage ever is.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Presence of Grace," by J. F. Powers (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), approaches dedication from a laughably different angle. These stories are nearly all about Catholic priests in Minnesota. And the priests are only a set of men—exhibited not in their canonicals, but in their personal lives and dealings with one another. We are behind the scenes; and it is the basic and sustained quality of the book that we have no doubt of it. Plainly, the author is intimate with rectories of all sorts, and has the whole world of pastors, curates, brotherhoods and publicity at his finger-ends. Which, in so reserved an area, would be enough to create a strong documentary interest. Yet the tales don't strike one as documentary, because they are also funny: comic in outline, and even more comic in detail and expression. The simplest of them, *A Losing Game*, is one prolonged joke—the joke of a new curate plotting to extract a table for his room from the forbidden jungle of the church basement. In two other stories the narrator is the rectory cat: perhaps the cleverest and least naturalistic cat in fiction. It is to be remarked that his enemy, Father Burner, becomes much more likeable in Scene Two; and that the maddening old dormouse of *A Losing Game* shows up as a wily and beneficent old dormouse in the title-story.

"The Bright Prison," by Penelope Mortimer (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is an odd, refined, and, it seemed to me, ambivalent story. Mark and Antonia Painton are sunk in marriage, for they have four children. They live by necessity, not choice. Everything is laid down: the dreary London street, the looming agony of a children's party. . . . And they have embraced this order as final. Then the events of one winter day remove one child after another. Briefly they are dispersed—and instantly, the abandoned house becomes a "ruin," and the Paintons fly off into space. Which is apparently worse than being walled up. . . . But the tale is full of subtlety; I have done it no justice.

"The China Roundabout," by Josephine Bell (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), starts with the death of a retired Army man. Major Beresford had a house in London; and now his sister and niece are moving in. They find a most sinister collection of snoopers on other floors; and Mrs. Forrestal looks in vain for the china roundabout, an elaborate and fascinating "toy" given to her grandfather by an Indian maharajah. Then comes a suspense-game of Hunt the Roundabout. Death and Dr. Wintringham supervene, and though there are some telling figures, and the writing is excellent as usual, for me it never really went round.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

E. F. F. GILLESPIE, B. Eng., Hon. Treasurer of the British Universities' Chess Association, put in quite a lot of hard work in the organisation of the great telephone match, British Universities v. Dutch Universities, which we mentioned last week. He did not allow that to deter him from scoring quite a pretty win in the match: here is the score:

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

GILLESPIE	N.N.
White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. P-KB4	Kt-QB3
3. Kt-KB3	

3. P×P? could have been answered by 3. . . . Q-R5ch.

3. B-Q3?

A poor move, overestimating the "threat" to White's KBP.

4. P×P	Kt×P
5. P-Q4	Kt-Kt3
6. B-QB4	

Better than 6. P-K5, which would only make it easier for Black to counter-attack by . . . P-Q3 eventually.

6. P-KR3?

Possibly the only move to make a game of it any longer was 6. . . . B-B5.

7. Castles P-QB3

It is doubtful whether there was a defence any longer. 7. . . . Q-K2, for instance, would lose by 8. P-K5, B-Kt5; 9. Kt-Kt5! P×Kt; 10. R×P, Q×R (clearly best); 11. B×Qch, K×B; 12. Q-Q3, and Black cannot cope with both of the threats of winning a piece (a) 13. Q-B5ch, K-K1; 14. Q×Ktch; (b) 13. Q-B4ch or 13. Q-Kt3ch followed by 14. Q×B.



8. B×Pch! K×B
9. Kt-K5 dbl. ch K-K3

Despair. 9. . . . K-K1; 10. Kt×Kt, R-R2; 11. R-B8 mate was another alternative to resigning.

10. Q-Kt4ch K-K2
11. Kt×Ktch K-K1
12. Kt×R Kt-B3

The pathetic motive behind his ninth move: White's queen has been tempted on to an attackable square.

13. Q-Kt6ch Resigns

Well, we need a smile or two these days!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM ROCK PAINTINGS TO MARY PICKFORD.

OF the making of many books about primitive man and his art; there appears to be no end. In the last year or two, I must have had at least a dozen of them through my hands, dealing mostly with the now famous caves in Southern France and Northern Spain, where the work of the Abbé Breuil has placed all those interested in archaeology and the art and way of life of our primitive ancestors in his debt. In "Rock Paintings of the Drakensberg," by A. R. Willcox (Parrish; 80s.), we have a remarkable picture of Stone Age man; remarkable particularly in that the rock paintings depicted are those of the surviving Stone Age race of the Bushman, and some of them were made by the same prehistoric technique but within the memory of living man. Like those in the caves of France and Spain, the paintings have an incredible liveliness and freshness. It would seem that modern man, in his sophistication, has lost something of the art of conveying movement, which once belonged to his primitive forbears. Mr. Willcox himself has put it admirably when he says that one of the criteria of great art is the achievement of the artist in making the beholder share the emotions which urged him to creation, particularly when this is done with the utmost economy of means. " . . . when an artist can achieve this result in observers who are at once of another race, another age, and an entirely different way of living, his art must be accounted great. The best of Bushman art does precisely this. Man the hunter of maybe a thousand years ago calls to the primitive man submerged in the observer of to-day and they are momentarily one. Across the wide gulf of time and culture the hunter artist has transmitted his acute awareness of the form and motions of animals or the quick movement of the dance, the hunt, the battle, arousing in the beholder a strong echo of his own excitement or delight. Then the archaeologist retreats to his intellectual cell as with a slow smile of pure pleasure the man responds to a deeper call." What is particularly fascinating about the art of the Bushman is that it extends, without a break in style, over thousands of years. The pictures of eland thousands of years old are matched by nineteenth-century pictures of red-coated European soldiers hunting on horseback. Mr. Willcox (and his wife) are greatly to be congratulated on their careful and scholarly study of their subject. The excellent photographs which so profusely illustrate it are some of the finest I have ever seen on a comparable subject.

As Mr. J. F. Head says in "Early Man in South Buckinghamshire" (Wright; 21s. 6d.) North and South Buckinghamshire are utterly unlike in their physical configuration. The Vale of Aylesbury and the northern half of the county is a low-lying clay plain, riddled with streams and marshes, and nowadays redeemed from its dullness only by the beauty of its great houses and domestic architecture. The Chiltern escarpment in the south presents us with a much more attractive picture, and with a centre of population as historically interesting as the northern part of the county is dull. The Icknield Way, that ancient highway, nearly divides north from south. It is with the south that Mr. Head concerns himself, and the result of his researches and scholarship provide interesting reading for a far wider public than for those residents in South Buckinghamshire with an historical sense. As he says: "Buckinghamshire, south of the Icknield Way, was probably more thickly populated during the Iron Age than at any other time in its prehistory." When the Bushmen of the Drakensberg were painting their rock paintings, the "Hallstatt" invaders, who could work what he calls the "new dark metal" and could "master and mould its stark moods," were regarded by their Bronze Age predecessors in the Chilterns with that superstitious reverence accorded in all ages to those who possess a secret weapon. But if the Iron Age was an age of peculiar florescence in the Chilterns, other periods are of no less interest, or prove, in the hands of Mr. Head, any less rewarding. It is a pleasure to study this historical guide-book written by one who wears his scholarship with such an easy grace.

I am not being unkind when I switch from pre-history to "Sunshine and Shadow—the Autobiography of Mary Pickford" (Heinemann; 25s.). Nevertheless, for the youngest generation I suppose the "World's Sweetheart," who obtained un-

questioned allegiance from the two previous generations, means as little as the art of the Drakensberg Bushmen. It is nostalgically pleasing to be reminded of this great actress and charming woman, of whom Mr. Cecil B. de Mille says: "There have been hundreds of stars. There have been scores of fine actresses in motion pictures. There has been only one Mary Pickford." To glance through the pages of this book is to be carried back to some of the happiest experiences of youth. I recommend it warmly to all those who are of an age to indulge happily in the *recherche du temps perdu*.

A book which I found of no small interest is "The English Master of Arms," by J. D. Aylward (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 28s.). This traces the history of fencing from the twelfth century to the present day; from such mediæval teachers as Roger le Skirmisour to my old fencing master, the late and great Professor Felix Gravé.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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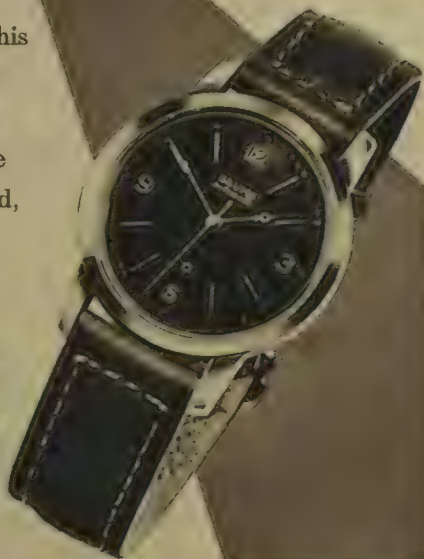
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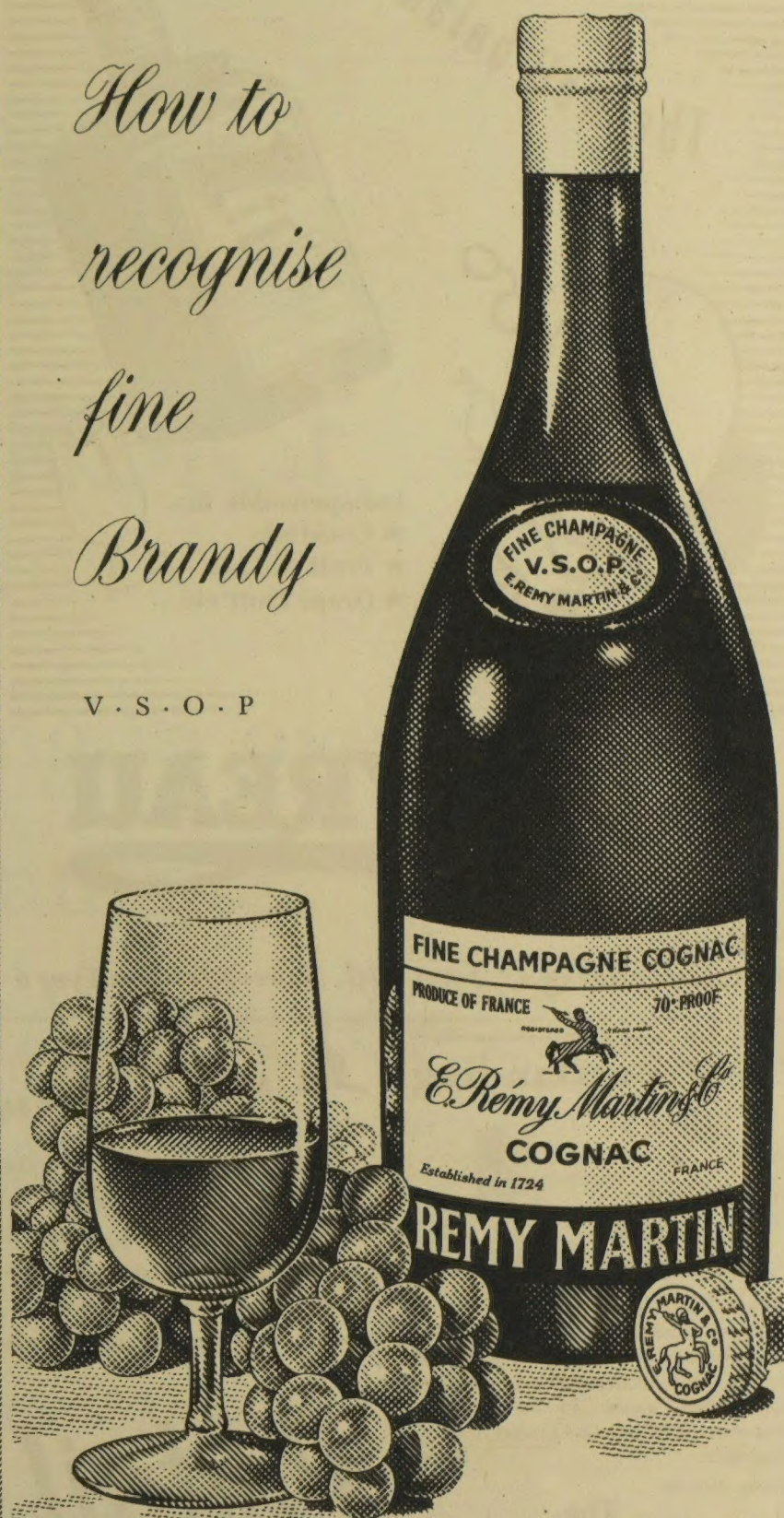
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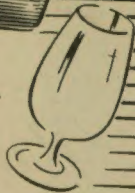
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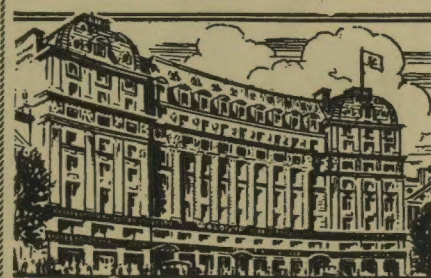
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